NATIONAL REVIEW

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April 9, 1960

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

The Twilight of Reporting

GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Goldwater Here, There, Everywhere

AN EDITORIAL

How Goes California?

MORRIE RYSKIND

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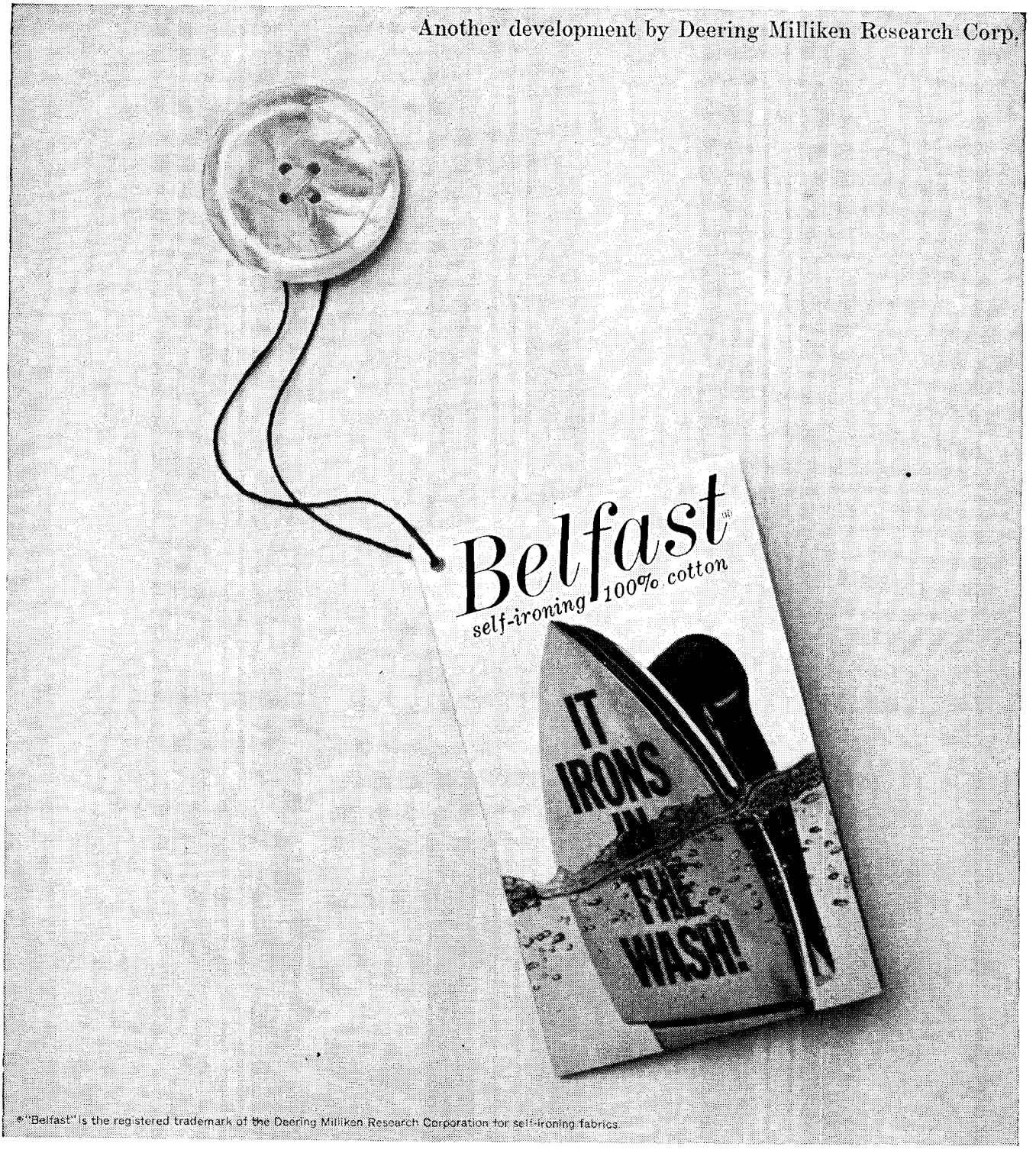

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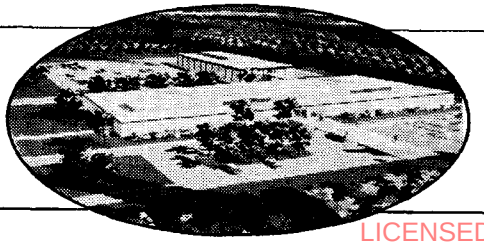

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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EDITOR: Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
PUBLISHER: William A. Rusher
EDITORS
L. Brent Bozell James Burnham
John Chamberlain Willmoore Kendall
Frank S. Meyer
MANAGING EDITOR: Priscilla L. Buckley
PRODUCTION EDITOR: Mabel Wood
ASSISTANT PUBLISHER: J. P. McFadden
WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT: Sam M. Jones
ASSOCIATES
Frank Chodorov, Jonathan Mitchell, Morrie Ryskind
EDITORIAL ASSISTANT: John Leonard
CONTRIBUTORS
C. D. Batchelor, John C. Caldwell, John Abbott Clark, Peter Crumpet, Forrest Davis, A. Derso, Medford Evans, Finis Farr, J. D. Futch, Aloise B. Heath, Karl Hess, Hugh Kenner, John D. Kreuttner, Suzanne La Follette, J. B. Matthews, Gerhart Niemeyer, Revilo Oliver, Maureen B. O'Reilly, E. Merrill Root, Richard M. Weaver, Frederick D. Wilhelmsen, Garry Wills
FOREIGN CONTRIBUTORS
London: Anthony Lejeune
Munich: E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn
CIRCULATION MANAGER: Charles J. McHugh

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For the Record

Senator Thruston Morton, GOP chairman, and Leonard Hall, veteran GOP campaign manager, told Nixon last week he would lose election if it were held now. Reason: Lukewarmness of conservative elements of Republican Party, most recently exasperated by Nixon's sympathy for socializing medical aid for the aged . . . Despite this, only one man in America who doesn't believe Nixon will get GOP nomination: Harold Stassen, of course . . . . Both Lyndon Johnson and Stuart Symington have considerable backing in West Virginia, but no sign yet they will throw their support to Humphrey in desperation stop-Kennedy move. . . . Kennedy's stake major in West Virginia. If he can take a Protestant state against a Protestant opponent, it will do much to spike "Catholic-can't win" talk.

Candidates for re-election positively clamoring for places on Jimmy Hoffa's famous purge list. One prominent Democratic senator—who went down the line with labor—now quietly passing the word around that Hoffa wants him beaten. . . . Robert Nathan at ADA Political Workshop at Georgetown University described politics this way: "It is the art of getting votes from the poor, money from the rich, to protect each from the other.". . . Senators Gore and Anderson furious at handling of latest Soviet nuclear ban "concession" by U.S. Representative Wadsworth. Gore says Wadsworth statement so phrased it gave impression Soviets had accepted certain provisos of our February 11 proposals.

State Department looking for well-qualified Negro recruits to beef up its African staff. It now has approximately 500 employees in Africa, south of the Sahara. . . . Over 82,000 Europeans—mostly Italians and Frenchmen—expected to leave Tunisia in next two years, forced out by anti-European laws and harassment. . . . Of the 13 million acres expropriated in Cuba, thus far less than 39,000 parceled out to landless farmers. . . . American textile industry, already in trouble, will be facing new competitor before long. A U.S.-equipped 50,000 spindle plant, now being built in Russia, will serve as pilot for others.

Congress, with paternal consideration of taxpayer, last week passed tax reduction bill removing "aromatic cachous" from the list of toilet preparations subject to ten per cent excise tax. Treasury reports only aromatic cachou on the market is Sen Sen.

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The WEEK

● The latest installment of "The Happy, Happy Days of Jimmy Hoffa" has been released by the Senate Rackets Committee—and the plot sickens. Despite the court-appointed monitors, despite the newspaper publicity and congressional testimony, despite Robert Kennedy's new book, Hoffa's star continues to rise. Hoffa has solidified his control of the Teamsters; he has dispersed the insurgent elements who opposed his presidency in Miami two and a half years ago; he has successfully besieged his monitors with a task-force of one hundred lawyers, all waving writs; he has defied the government and the public; and—at week's end—he invited New Jersey poultry farmers to join the Teamsters, promising them a better price for eggs. They joined.

● A word of thanks is due from all New Yorkers to State Senator Walter J. Mahoney, upon whom fell the task of organizing a legislative flywheel for the benefit of the eccentrically Liberal Governor Nelson Rockefeller. He has curbed many of the Governor's excesses, has argued consistently and resourcefully for economy in government, and for local autonomy. His impressive performance has brought him to the attention of those who are considering possible vice presidential nominees.

● By a vote of 9 to 8, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee has decided to "postpone to a later time" the consideration of Senator Humphrey's resolution to repeal the so-called Connally Reservation which reserves to the United States the right to determine whether an issue in dispute before the World Court is within its own domestic jurisdiction and beyond international adjudication. Fresh from battle over Civil Rights, the Senators have an understandable reluctance to spend the entire 1960 Congressional session in poking up hornets' nests. Beyond that, however, at least five Republican and four Democratic senators may have their ears to the ground. There is, as we observe elsewhere in this issue (see below), a conservative groundswell, and the protection of the Connally Reservation is involved.

● West German Socialists scored an astounding victory in last week's Bavarian elections—outpolling Konrad Adenauer's Christian Democratic Party affiliate for the first time in post-war German history. The surprise is significant on three fronts: 1) It occurred in a predominantly Roman Catholic part of Germany; 2) it was the first important electoral test between the two parties since the remarkable anti-Marxist revisions of the Socialist platform last fall; 3) it will undoubtedly figure as a seismograph for both parties in preparation for the 1961 national elections.

● About the only thing flourishing in Cuba these days is its persecution complex. Witness the recent outrage over the cancellation of a proposed three-game series of exhibition baseball in Havana between the Baltimore Orioles and the Cincinnati Reds. Lee MacPhail, the president of the Orioles, decided, after looking over the scene, that he had better protect his yeomen from barbudo wrath: so he cancelled the games. Obviously part of the U.S. get-Cuba campaign! yelled the press. Mr. MacPhail, fumed Castro's daily mouthpiece *Revolución,* "is public enemy number one of Cuban baseball." Cuban sportswriters are protesting to the United Nations. Our State Department said it hadn't been contacted in the matter. And, interestingly enough, the Cincinnati Reds *want* to go to Havana.

● The new "Friendship of the Peoples" university which Khrushchev announced in Indonesia is not a mere propaganda slogan. Drawing students chiefly from Asia, Latin America and Africa, it will open this year to a first class of 500, and will expand eventually to a student body of about 4,000. The new institution will supplement, not supplant, the education of several thousand foreign students—mostly Chinese—now going on in regular Soviet universities. It is, in fact, a return to the special universities for foreigners that were sponsored by Lenin, but closed by Stalin when they became suspect of Trotskyism and other heresies during the years of the Moscow Trials. The new school may be expected to have a rapid and significant political effect within the underdeveloped nations.

● Recent news stories from the Middle East indicate that the Communists may have overplayed their hand in Iraq, as the Communists are likely to do when their path is made too easy. Anti-Communist sentiment in the country is clearly on the rise. In recent days there have been anti-Red riots, demonstrations, attacks on Communist printing plants. On top of this, Premier Kassim has suddenly announced that the death sentences of former Premier Dr. al-Jamali and a number of his associates have been reduced to ten years' imprisonment. Dr. al-Jamali, an outstanding friend of the West, was the arch villain in the eyes of Iraqi Communists.

● There is little reason to expect the survival of the new Tambroni government in Italy or, even, that Signor Tambroni's hopes will pass his first parliamentary test. The fragmented Christian Democratic

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Party is 26 votes short of a majority in the Chamber of Deputies, and none of the parties of the right or of the left (with which the Christian Democrats have allied themselves in the past) shows much enthusiasm for the new cabinet, although Signor Tambroni himself is liked and respected. Like pre-de Gaulle France, Italy finds itself immobilized by the large Communist bloc in Parliament which, while never a part of a government, has managed to bring down governments at a rate of better than one a year since the Second World War.

● During the eight years from 1947 to 1955 the British Railways lost an average of $43 million annually. In 1956 the loss jumped to $165 million; to $220 million in 1957, $300 million in 1958, and an estimated $350 million last year. The loss in 1960 will set a new record, it is predicted. Anything puzzling in that accounting picture? Hint: 1947 was the year when the British Railways were nationalized.

● Last week, Frank Sinatra hired the man who is possibly the nation's most rabid pro-Communist—and probably the nation's most rabid anti-American—to write the script for a movie Mr. Sinatra plans to produce, on the execution (during the Second World War) of Private Slovic (for desertion). To defend his patronage of a man who has, in effect, deserted his country but remains *unshot*, Mr. Sinatra took out 8-inch advertisements in papers throughout the country setting forth, in prose only he, and possibly Mr. Sam Goldwyn, could have written, the "reasons" for his action. He wanted *The Execution of Private Slovic*, Sinatra said, "to reflect the true Pro-American value of the story . . . to be an affirmative declaration in the best American tradition." Sinatra believes "The Army Was Right" (caps, throughout, are his) in ordering the execution of Slovic for desertion, and in looking around for a writer who also thought The Army Was Right the *"only one"* he could come up with was Albert Maltz—who, presumably, will not at this stage in his life cavil over the execution of Mere People. Maltz, who was fired out of Hollywood as a member of the Communist 10 in 1945, occupied himself during his exile in writing panegyrics about Communist countries (*e.g.*, East Germany, whose people "are moving into the sunlight of fraternalism, of peaceful, constructive labor") and defamations upon the United States (which cowered under "thieving, demagogic politicians like the intellectual cretin, Senator McCarthy," etc.). Mr. Sinatra also took the occasion—he still had an inch or two of space to fill—to blast those who had sought to link Senator Kennedy to Maltz via Sinatra (Sinatra sings for Kennedy, Maltz writes for Sinatra). As Mr. Sinatra puts it, with Obvious Feeling, "This type of Partisan Politics is hitting below the belt."

● Who Wrote This? "It is a very unfortunate situation at present that whatever we do we seem to do it in a way that irritates and brings out some protest from Cuban officials. Perhaps we are forgetting, in dealing with smaller countries, that it is important to think about the little things that might hurt their dignity. This is an area where perhaps we are not so sensitive to small slights as a smaller nation is bound to be." If you can guess, she *hasn't* wasted Her Day—but you've wasted many of yours.

Goldwater Here, There, Everywhere

Much is going on which the press is not encouraging the public to know about.

There are mounting within the Republican Party pressures against Mr. Richard Nixon's attempts to Liberalize the party in time for the national election. The news spread quickly throughout the land that two weeks ago the Vice President tried to commit the Administration to sponsorship of a Republican equivalent of the Forand Bill, providing for the socialization of medical services for the aged. The resentments poured into Washington; Mr. Nixon is said not to be paying them any heed. But as a professional who respects professional political assessments, it must be assumed that he listened (see *For the Record*) to the admonitions of Thruston Morton and Leonard Hall to the effect that if the campaign were held tomorrow, the Democrats would win.

It is generally assumed that conservative sentiment has no organizational or even personal vehicle around which to build, and that continues largely to be true. But the phenomenon of Barry Goldwater may change that.

Last week, the Republican Convention in South Carolina heard Senator Goldwater deliver the keynote address. He championed 1) states rights; 2) decentralization of political and economic power; and 3) a conservative program for the GOP: *"The right of center is the only place the Republican party can stand today if it intends to win in 1960 and subsequent elections."* The Convention then voted to instruct South Carolina's 13 delegates to vote for Goldwater at the Chicago Convention until such time as Goldwater releases them.

This astonishing fissure in the Nixon monolith within the Republican Party was widely and scandalously unreported in the major metropolitan newspapers. It was not, however, an event which passed unnoticed in the White House. Several days before the Convention, the White House leaked a report that President Eisenhower was considering stopping over at Fort Jackson, South Carolina, on his way back to Washington from Augusta—on the very day

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of the Convention. Fort Jackson is three miles from Columbia, where the Convention would be sitting. If Eisenhower were in Columbia and ignored the Republican Convention, the steering committee reasoned, the dramatic impact of the Convention's vote would be infinitely lessened.

Whereupon one of the leaders proposed a marvelously ingenious response to White House Big Brotherism—and sent a release to the South Carolina press stating that the President was undoubtedly coming to Columbia to spark the forthcoming Republican Convention!

The announcement drew excited attention to the impending Convention—and discreet and confidential howls from the White House (how *dare* the steering committee infer the reasons for the President's trip to Columbia!). And when the day came, the White House announced that due to bad weather, the President would not make the trip. It was a beautiful, sunny day.

And now Senator Goldwater has been invited to keynote the Republican Conventions in Minnesota, North Dakota, and Mississippi; and everywhere he will lay down the line: the Republican Party should campaign on conservative principles. That is the only way to win.

Next week, Senator Goldwater will release a book entitled *The Conscience of a Conservative*. It is, from all reports, as straightforward a document as has ever been written on the subjects of clearest concern to American conservatives: how to defeat the threat of the Soviet Union, and how to remain free. It appears that the book will have a tremendous circulation. Already, the enterprising *Standard-Times* of New Bedford (Mass.) has serialized articles on Goldwater based in part on the book, and is circulating them throughout the country.

What will happen when a copy of the book falls into the hands of Mr. Nixon? Will he be forced to repudiate Goldwater? Or will there be an accommodation? Will Senator Goldwater be the instrument by which conservative principles are reintroduced into the Republican Party?

Gas

As we have said before, the celebrated Air Force Manual, in charging that Communists had infiltrated the Protestant clergy and the National Council of Churches, erred in broadstroking a contentious subject where specificity would have made the point.

Still and all, must the enormous flap engendered by the Manual be magnified and multiplied to the point where nobody is supposed to challenge a clergyman when he speaks nonsense in the name of the so-called Social Gospel?

We ask this innocent question because of the dither in the *New York Times* (see its first-column news story for March 28 and its second-position editorial for March 29) over the revelation that "economic and religious conservatives . . . in the Midwest and Texas" are telling their pastors to refrain from discussing social issues.

The *Times* seems to think this exercise of free speech by Texas and Midwest Protestants (and by commentator Fulton Lewis Jr. in offering these Protestants his support) is a dastardly attempt to attack "freedom of the pulpit" and to forestall all attempts to "reconcile" our society with the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount. Well, there are those of us who have read the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount, and cannot see how they can possibly be equated with a "social gospel" which insists that the proper organizer of charity to the poor and afflicted is the State, so that maybe the cube-squaring exertions of the ministers should—as a matter of charity—be discouraged.

Anyway, what has all this to do with the price of eggs? The fact is, the churches have been infiltrated, at least to some degree, by the fellow-traveling breed. Who says so? Why, Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr says so, among others. As we noted in the *Bulletin* last week, he said in 1953: "There are in fact Communist sympathizers and fellow travelers in the church. . . . It must be affirmed that there have never been *many* explicit Stalinists in the churches. . . . Nevertheless, *there are a few and we ought to admit it* . . . the pathetic clerical Stalinism could not have developed except against the background of a very considerable Marxist dogmatism in the 'liberal' wing of the Protestant churches."

Of course, what Reinhold Niebuhr has claimed is one thing when Reinhold Niebuhr says it and quite another when a Texas Methodist or an Indiana Baptist or Mr. Fulton Lewis Jr. says it. And what is freedom of speech for a pastor who wants to have his say in favor of the Forand Bill becomes "bitter and ignorant" meddling when a worshipper objects to hearing about the Forand Bill in church.

Ho, hum. We remember the day when it was an attack on "education" to argue that first graders should be taught to read by the phonetic method. Now it is "an attack on religion" to tell a pastor that his Keynesian economic formulas are not to be found in the Gospel According to Saint Luke.

The Agony of Dr. Orta

There is a revealing sidelight to the melodrama of the two American fliers forced down in Cuba two weeks ago, who turn out to have been hired opera-

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"The Price of Conformity is Eternal Vigilance!"

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A FACT IS A FOUR LETTER WORD MISUSED BY PROPHETS OF DOOM TO THWART LIBERALISM
SEE THE SOUTH HAS IT ISN'T ON THE PLANS OF TENNESSEE WILLIAMS AND LILLIAN HELLMAN - THEY MAY NOT BE TRUE TO LIFE BUT THEY'RE DIRTY
A PREJUDICE IS A BELIEF WHICH HAS NOT BEEN CERTIFIED BY EMMANUEL CELLER
OBSTRUCTIONISM WITHDRAWAL OF THE AIR FORCE MANUAL SHOULD BE CONSTRUED AS COMPLIANCE WITH ALL
SPIRIT OF CAMP DAVID - NOT COMPLETE IN THE SIGHT OF MEN ONLY

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Olé

We rejoice over the public performance of the foreign minister of Spain in Washington last week. Dr. Fernando María Castiella, whose mother was Texan, proved that he is not afraid, not even of the *New York Times*. Dr. Castiella, an intellectual and a monarchist, fought the Spanish Republic, and when he was done in Spain, pursued his anti-Communist convictions to the steppes of Russia, where he fought during the early days of the second World War as a volunteer in Spain's Blue Division, whose fatalities were over 90 per cent.

That meant that he found himself fighting by the side of Hitler Germany, a disquieting partnership, heaven knows. But we were fighting by the side of Stalinist Russia, a thought even more disquieting, and one which the critics of Franco's compact with Hitler during the Spanish Revolutionary War manage to lose sight of as they exercise their censoriousness upon General Franco.

Emerging from the White House, Dr. Castiella was pounced upon by representatives of the American press, who showered him with questions. Gentlemen, he answered them, the virtues of the press are curiosity and doggedness. The virtues of diplomacy are prudence and discretion. I expect you to exercise the virtues of your profession, and know that you will permit me to exercise the virtues of mine. Good day.

And out he went!

A gesture of condign contempt for a press which has so consistently maligned Spain (there are, of course, the many exceptions). That evening, making an address at Georgetown University, he specified his case. Over the centuries, he said, Spain has suffered much at the hands of historians who do not know Spain, or choose not to know it. Today, he added, "we suffer the hostility of a sector of a new class of historians, the journalists. . ." Spain's anti-Communism has "provoked endless anti-Spanish campaigns and political and economic blockades which very nearly strangled the country." In 1945, Spain was charged in the United Nations with having manufactured the atomic bomb for the use of Nazi Germany, and harboring 6,000 German scientists. These allegations, brought by Poland, were "absolutely grotesque," Castiella said: "but nevertheless were accepted at the time by the greater part of the world press as an article of faith." Recently the press, particularly the European press, went after Spain for allegedly plotting with West Germany on the subject of the establishment on Spanish soil of West German military centers. "In spite of the obvious lack of basis of these and other allegations," said Dr. Castiella, "the world press lapsed again into a campaign of falsehoods which, however, does not worry Spain, accustomed as she is to weathering such attacks. . . . Our anti-Communism, contrary to what would appear logical, has brought innumerable difficulties. For many years it prevented the entry of Spain into the United Nations. Spain, the country of Vitoria and Suarez, the founders of modern international law! . . . Over four centuries ago some Spanish Jesuits, worthy soldiers of the glorious Society of St. Ignatius of Loyola, died bravely for their faith, having been the first Europeans to arrive and settle on these shores. In the same spirit as that of those ancestors who fell near Santa María Bay, more than half my generation died in Spain twenty years ago defending the ideals of the Christian Faith in a Civil War which to us was a Crusade."

The Spanish are a proud people, and Dr. Castiella did not come here to be catechized by *Washington Post* Liberals on the foreign policy of Spain during the past twenty years. The brilliant representative of the Spanish Government in Washington, José María Areilza, an old friend of Castiella, who once collaborated with him on a book published in 1940, defending Spanish foreign policy, has not done so well as he has done in Washington by holding his head low—but rather by a great personal affability and a tireless and effective demonstration of the identity of Spanish and U.S. interests in the field of foreign policy. The facts are that Spain followed the course of her best interests, and it does not make much sense for those of us whose foreign policy created a Soviet Union armed with intercontinental missiles and hydrogen bombs, to condescend in foreign policy to the Spanish government. During her war, Spain accepted gratefully whatever aid she could get against the native Jacobins who were to wake up (those of them who ever did) to find that their cause had been annexed by the Communist revolutionary movement. During the second World War, Spain was ostensibly neutral; in fact, she gave support as best she could, considering the dilemma in which she found herself, to the Allies. No one complained more bitterly against Franco's subterfuges in behalf of the Allies than did Adolf Hitler, as diaries published a few years ago showed. After the war, she stuck hard by her convictions of anti-Communism—with which we eventually caught up. Now we are captives of the Spirit of Camp David, and we can only hope that Spain resists the spirit successfully, and will be patient with us, and help us back on the road to reality.

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tives of the Cuban Government, staging their stunt to provide grist for anti-American propaganda. One of the pilots, William L. Schergales, has signed an affidavit, now in the hands of the U.S. State Department, specifying that Dr. Juan Orta, Castro's private secretary and public relations (!) man, engineered the gimmick.

Orta should be familiar to NATIONAL REVIEW readers. It was he who answered all communications concerning the fate of Ernesto de la Fé, the courageous Cuban journalist who, for offending Cuba's Communists, received fifteen years' hard labor at the Isle of Pines prison. Orta's reply: de la Fé was a fascist, Batista's Goebbels (utterly untrue), and anybody who sympathized with de la Fé was Q.E.D. a fascist sympathizer. The same Orta obstructed the investigation of the de la Fé case in Havana last summer by NATIONAL REVIEW'S John Leonard, ordering Mr. Leonard to confine himself to his hotel room until the Minister of State summoned him.

Now Orta has issued a statement to the press announcing that he was *not* responsible for Schergales' airplane stunt—neglecting, however, to deny that *somebody* in the Cuban government *was*. A public relations *faux pas* if we've ever heard one. Cuban newspapers have been astonishingly silent on the incident. A conjecture: Dr. Orta, increasingly expendable, may be the next purgee from Castro's official family. It would be interesting indeed to hear him accused of counter-revolutionary deviationism—equivalent in Cuba, of course, to anti-Communism. Maybe he and de la Fé will get together for a chat at the Isle of Pines.

U.S. "LIBERAL"
NO STUDENT LOYALTY OATH ON U.S. LOAN BUT A LOYALTY OATH BY CONSERVATIVE SOUTHERN DELEGATES
NO WONDER THE BROW IS FURROWED

Our Spies Report . . .

Our secret operatives have just brought to our attention a most mysterious affair. We do not have all the missing pieces, but perhaps our readers can fit the story together:

1) In November, *Publishers' Weekly* announces the January publication by Macmillan of *The China Lobby in American Politics* by one Ross Koen. 2) *The Saturday Review* approaches Professor David Rowe of Yale University, the well-known anti-Communist Far East scholar, to review the book. Professor Rowe is puzzled because, a) the *Saturday Review* had never previously shown any interest in his critical judgment; b) the *Saturday Review* must know that his review of an anti-anti-Communist book will be critical.

Meanwhile, 3) Mr. Marvin Liebman of the Committee of One Million (Against the Recognition of Red China) got in touch with Dr. Richard Carlton, Senior Editor of Macmillan's non-fiction department, an amiable gentleman who regretted exceedingly his inability to furnish a set of galleys for Mr. Liebman —although this was mid-December and publication date had been set for early January. (An enterprising secretary of the Committee subsequently toddled over and secured a set of galleys from a Macmillan small-fry to whom the word had not percolated.)

Back now, 4), to Professor Rowe. He finds the book shallow, poorly researched, in his words "trash, from a scholarly or scientific point of view." He is particularly shocked at the allegation that the Nationalist Government of China has a vested interest in the narcotics trade. And he suggests, in the 500 words allotted him, that Dr. Koen had better be prepared to substantiate that charge.

5) When Mr. Norman Cousins, editor of *The Saturday Review*, catches sight of the Rowe review in proof, he kills it: on the grounds that *SR* never asks anyone to review a book in which the reviewer is mentioned. [Balderdash.—W.F.B.]

By this time, 6) advance copies of the book have been shipped to booksellers around the country. But suddenly, on March 17, Macmillan announces that publication date has been postponed. The book is being withdrawn for "minor" revisions and will not appear on March 26, as scheduled.

But, we happen to know, there's more to it than that. A friend who works at Macmillan happened to mention the other day that the joint is in an uproar:

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it had been asked by the State Department to withdraw the Koen book because of the unfounded charge that the Chiang Kai-shek government had dabbled in the narcotics trade. The next edition should give credit to Professor Rowe, we suggest.

Notes and Asides

Articles that had no conclusions, thoughts left dangling precipitously on margins, pages transposed or displaced—if this was your last issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, do not infer that the editors were celebrating the encouraging returns of our fund drive: you received one of several hundred defective copies manhandled by our printer's machine. A postcard will earn you a more coherent copy, and our apologies.

ERRATUM (of sorts): Our esteemed friend and colleague Professor Hugh Kenner writes in to correct a misreference to him in our last issue. An entire line—we say, in our defense—was inadvertently omitted at the printers, resulting in a mad but plausible confusion in giving the biography of Mr. Kenner. But we shall take our punishment like a man, and reproduce Mr. Kenner's letter, as follows: "March 23, 1960, Dear Sir: Reluctant though I am to interfere with the mixture of encomium and fantasy that animates your doubtless eyewitness description of me as 'critic, philosopher, yachtsman' (March 26), I must intervene on behalf of my alma mater when you ascribe to me an academic post at the University of Toronto. The English Department of which I am chairman is located far from native skies, at the University of California, Santa Barbara.

"I must also protest your statement that I recently authored a study of T. S. Eliot. I composed that book, sir, and I typed it, but author it I did not, and author, while a tatter of the English language remains mine to defend, I never shall, Yours faithfully, Hugh Kenner."

We refer Professor Kenner to the words of another Eliot (Sir J.) who wrote (in 1632) of "The divine blessing . . . which authors all the happiness we receive," and confess to digging Warner in his contention (1602) that "A good God may not aucthor noysome things"—not even noisome verbs like author. And finally, appreciating as we do Mr. Kenner's epistles, we devoutly pray, sir, that yours of the 23rd instant will not prove (Chapman, 1596) "the last foul thing Thou ever author'dst." To us, that is.

In a book review in our issue of March 26, Dr. George Shuster was erroneously referred to as a "priest." We regret very much the error. He is a distinguished layman, president of Hunter College.

In This Issue

. . . we feature two distinguished members of the class of 1917, Columbia University, Messrs. GEORGE SOKOLSKY and MORRIE RYSKIND. Mr. SOKOLSKY is well known to the millions who have read him every day, many of them for over twenty years. He appears for the first time in NATIONAL REVIEW, exploring "The Twilight of Reporting" . . . MORRIE RYSKIND has written for NATIONAL REVIEW with consistent irregularity. We cull the following from an informal autobiographical reference in a recent letter: "After college, I was a reporter on the old *World*—under Herb Swope, my city editor. I then became a press-agent, got some songs and skits in various B'way revues—and then became a playwright. Came out to Hollywood and did some movie writing and Commie fighting. Best known stuff: *Of Thee I Sing* (with George S. Kaufman)"—which won the Pulitzer Prize—"and *Louisiana Purchase*. Before that, *Strike Up the Band* was a hit. (My flops include—but hell, no.) And Kaufman and I did two shows for the Marx Brothers: *Coconuts* and *Animal Crackers*. Best known movies: *My Man Godfrey, Stage Door, Night at the Opera*. . . . It took FDR to make a Republican out of me: the Court-packing attempt and the Third Term sent me whooping it up for Willkie. I've been a Republican ever since, but I wish they'd nominate one before I go. Not elect—just nominate."

WILLIAM RUSHER writes a moving personal portrait of Robert Morris, who two weeks hence will face at the polls in New Jersey Senator Clifford Case. Probably no other contest of the season—for any office—will more neatly symbolize the relation of forces, Liberal and conservative, within the Republican Party. Mr. Morris, by the way, needs volunteers to help at the polls on primary day (April 19). In the New York area, volunteers are being organized by Charles McHugh. Write or phone him (36 Hawthorne Street, Brooklyn 25, INgersoll 2-9475).

BRENT BOZELL writes about the great victory of Soviet propaganda in the matter of nuclear testing . . . JAMES BURNHAM reviews the semantics of the cold war . . . RUSSELL KIRK has Glad Tidings for School Boards, and WILLIAM BUCKLEY goes into the difficulties of recommending suitable colleges to parents.

In the book section, Mr. BUCKLEY reviews the provocative new book by Ralph de Toledano. Mr. Toledano, who writes a column on new recordings for *NR*, has left *Newsweek* and will write a Washington news column three times a week for King Features. JOAN DIDION, associate editor of *Vogue*, who won a few years back while studying at the University of California, *Vogue's* coveted Prix de Paris, reviews some spring fiction. And there are reviews from GARRY WILLS, FRANCIS RUSSELL and ERNESTINE STODELLE (Mrs. John Chamberlain). Happy reading.

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National Trends

The Dangers of Concessionship

L. BRENT BOZELL

The United States has just sustained a stunning defeat. Stunning not so much for what we yielded—the Western concession on bomb tests had been in the cards for some time—as for the ease with which the Soviets pried it loose. Let there be no doubt that they *have* pried it loose: whether or not Moscow accepts the Eisenhower-MacMillan "counter-offer," the West has agreed to an *unpoliced* ban on underground nuclear tests. And that, ladies and gentlemen, is probably the ball game.

Let us, for a moment however, postpone predictions about the future and make sure we understand the past. *What* did the U.S. concede? And *why?*

Nations, like individuals, do their very best to make defeats look like victories—to convince themselves, as well as others, that they "wanted it that way." There has never been a better case of the rule than the U.S. performance on the subject of nuclear tests. In the beginning—let us take the year 1957 when the Administration was still calling Adlai Stevenson's suspension proposal "reckless"—the U.S. took the position that it needed to test new weapons, and that to stop doing so would jeopardize national security. The following year, after "world opinion" drove us into "temporary" test suspension and the Geneva negotiations, we suddenly forgot all about the *need* to test. Putting on a brave face, the Administration insisted we would just as soon not test if we could be reasonably sure the Soviets wouldn't either. Then later on, when it became apparent that our views as to what constituted a "safe" inspection system differed radically from the Soviets', the Administration cheerfully announced that a less stringent system would do just as well after all. And so it has gone. Today the Administration, with the almost uniform connivance of the nation's press, is once again maintaining that the U.S.'s new position is what it has had in mind all along.

Is it really? Two months ago, on the basis of conclusive evidence that small underground tests could not be distinguished from earthquakes, the Administration proposed that such tests be excluded from any test ban agreement the Soviets and the U.S. might be able to negotiate. The U.S. idea was to try to reach an agreement regarding tests that *could* be policed, and in the meantime to try to develop more sensitive detection instruments for explosions that are not now detectable. The Kremlin initially rejected the proposal, and the U.S. made tentative plans to resume underground tests. That was the U.S. position *before* the recent Soviet "concession."

The Soviet position, all along, had been that any test ban should encompass all kinds of tests—undetectable ones as well as detectable ones. The Soviet "concession" was to acknowledge the difference between the two, and to agree to prohibit only detectable tests by formal treaty—on the "condition" that the parties to the treaty agree also not to conduct underground tests. In effect, the Soviets were saying, "we no longer insist on prohibiting all tests, so long as you agree that all tests will be prohibited." Some concession! With regard to inspection controls over tests that *are* detectable—an area where serious disagreements exist between East and West—the Soviets said nothing.

The Kremlin took the precaution, however, of calling its proposal "important," and from then on it was easy sailing. Blazing headlines throughout the West proclaimed a possible "break-through" in disarmament negotiations. Several dozen committees convened in various departments of the U.S. Government to weigh the "offer." And the world was led to expect a U.S. counter-concession no less handsome than the Soviets' original one.

Of course, it was immediately clear to those who kept their wits about them—to military officials, to the Atomic Energy Commission and to Senator Anderson who did not hesitate to label the proposal a "phoney"—that the Soviets were playing games. Nonetheless, on the theory that every Soviet utterance must be "studied" if we are to demonstrate our earnestness in the cause of peace, the State Department decided to give the matter "careful consideration." That was the fatal mistake. For by not dismissing the Soviet offer immediately as a fraud, the Administration gave credence to the idea that it was *not* a fraud—that it *was* a step forward, just as the Kremlin said. It followed, as night does the day, that the U.S. was obliged to make a counter-offer so as to keep the negotiations open. That old devil "world opinion," in other words, was once again looking over our shoulder. The Administration might have forestalled the glance by dismissing the Soviet proposal as a hoax; but having failed to do so in the first instance, it could not resist the pressure later on. Mr. MacMillan's visit added to the pressure, but the concession was already in the works.

The End of the Line

It would be a mistake, however, to view this latest concession as just another in the series. It is, in all likelihood, the end of the line. From the beginning the Soviets have insisted on the proposition—and now the U.S. is also committed to it—*that the cause of world disarmament is so important as to justify the risk of a test ban without safeguards.* True, today's commitment covers only underground tests and then only for a limited period. Still, the *principle* of a policed treaty has been conceded; and on the record once such principles have been yielded, they are never recovered. The Soviet strategy from here on, may be to haggle over the length of the "moratorium." Or, perhaps, to erect further obstacles to an agreement on the kind of inspection controls that are necessary for above-ground tests. Or, indeed, the Kremlin may accept the Western proposal outright and sign a treaty. But it is really quite unimportant what the Soviets do. For world opinion, given our concession, will no longer permit nuclear testing.

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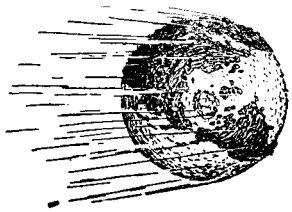

What Kind of War?

JAMES BURNHAM

After all these years we are still without an appropriate term to designate the struggle between the Soviet Union and the non-Communist world. The "cold" in "cold war" never did justice to the blood that flowed hotly enough in Korea, Malaysia, the Philippines, Iraq, Algeria and Hungary. Messrs. Strausz-Hupé, Possony and their associates in the Foreign Policy Research Institute have taken over the phrase "protracted conflict" from Mao Tse-tung. This correctly emphasizes the long-drawn-out time scheme, but in no way suggests the conflict's nature.

"Limited war" is satisfactory if we take it to refer to the qualitative and quantitative restrictions accepted by both opponents on the weapons used in waging the struggle. In this sense the struggle is not an "all-out" or "general" war. But to call it "limited" obscures the more significant fact that the *objective* of the struggle is *unlimited*. Moreover, there is nothing necessarily permanent about the self-imposed restrictions on the means. These may at any moment be lifted by one or the other opponent. There are precedents for such temporary restrictions in many "general" or "all-out" wars of the past. Poison gas was not used in the second World War.

Because there has never been a struggle exactly like this, our terminological trouble is not surprising—it is not easy to define the unique. Nor is this a mere word juggle. Our way of defining the struggle sums up our understanding of its nature, and thereby implies the methods and measures that we think relevant for dealing with it.

The New Doctrine

A particular doctrine concerning the nature of the struggle has lately gained official and nearly universal acceptance throughout the non-Communist nations. According to this doctrine, the cold war entered a new phase when Khrushchev consolidated a new regime two years or so after the death of Stalin. This phase is, essentially, one of "peaceful economic competition."

From one point of view, the competition is a kind of gladiatorial contest between "the two systems." The Soviet world, with its Communist economy, and the industrialized Western world, with its capitalist (or semi-capitalist) economy, are sweating it out to see which can achieve the highest growth rate, turn out the most goods, develop the fanciest technological devices, get furthest out into Space, etc.

To support this definition of "the new phase" of the struggle, theories are elaborated about what is going on in the Soviet Union. The "liberalization" of the Soviet regime, the interests of the new Soviet elite, Khrushchev's need for peace and stability to satisfy rising consumer demands, greater freedom for intellectuals, fear of mutual nuclear annihilation, the Kremlin's confidence in the final outcome, etc., etc., all are said to motivate the shift to peaceful economic competition.

From the doctrine of peaceful economic competition, certain practical conclusions, both positive and negative, logically follow and are invariably drawn. Positively, we must: a) take advantage of the new phase by getting together with Moscow on disarmament, cultural exchange, trade, etc.; b) step up our own economic growth to a rate equal to what the Soviet rate is alleged to be; c) give ever more economic aid—with no military or political conditions—to the underdeveloped nations of Asia, Africa and Latin America.

Negatively, we must abandon "inflexibility," and drop all thought that we can meet any problems of the new phase by force, violence, military action, political intransigence or any other kind of "provocation" which will "only play into the hands of the Communists."

Two facts that might be presumed to have critical significance are resolutely ignored: a) the definition of "the new phase" and the whole doctrine of "peaceful economic competition" were invented by the Communists, and b) the Soviet Union itself feels in no way bound by the doctrine. It has been under, not Stalin, but the peaceful competing Khrushchev that tanks crushed the Hungarians; guns massacred the Tibetans; Communist arms and military agents have poured into Algeria, Cuba, Egypt, Iraq; Communist-led mobs have rioted and revolted in India, Argentina, Panama; Communist-trained operatives have helped turn Africa into a bloodily boiling cauldron.

Aid Is an Instrument

The new doctrine is ludicrously false as a description of what is really going on in the world. Even the apparently simple idea of Soviet "competition" in granting "foreign aid" is wholly distorted. For the Communists, foreign economic aid is only an instrument of power, an opening of the door to permit political penetration, subversion, conquest by stages—including whatever military stages may prove necessary. Because this is their conception, they can often, within an underdeveloped nation, use *our* foreign aid for *their* political and strategic purposes.

The Communists invented the doctrine of peaceful economic competition for one sole and straightforward purpose; to foist it off on us, so that we will use it to tie our own hands. The doctrine prohibits us from taking "strong action" in relation to Cuba, from flying our Berlin planes at heights to which the Communists object, from visiting sanctions on governments that permit our Vice President to be spat on or our flag burned, from holding on to our costly strategic bases in spite of irresponsible agitation, from aiding a Tibet or Hungary fighting to be free, from refusing to negotiate under threats and scurrility. And by such restraint we shall perhaps turn "peaceful competition" from a slogan into reality. Though the Kremlin will use all means needed to reach its goal, it has offered us peace in return for surrender. We seem to be close to accepting the offer.

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How Goes California?

. . . from crazy mixed-up to beat. What else! With Knowland out, Pat Brown in, Trumbo hired and Labor calling the turns.

MORRIE RYSKIND

My sainted grandfather never saw California—the New World was encompassed for him by Ellis Island, where he landed, and the vast territories of Manhattan and Brooklyn, where he spent the rest of his days—but he was given to a Yiddish phrase that describes it perfectly. Confronted, as he so often was, with a topsy-turvy world, he would throw up his hands and cry, "*Meshuggeh ist trumpf!*"

For the benefit of those *illiterati* not schooled in the classical languages, I hasten to give a literal translation: *crazy is trump.* A pedantic regard for the niceties of English grammar would render the text into "Madness is trump"—which would make the meaning clear but take all the guts out of it. Me, I'll stick with my granddaddy: in California, as of here and now, crazy is trump.

And I have no doubt but that the founding fathers of the republic, as they glance through the Celestial Edition of the *Los Angeles Times* over their morning cup of nectar, are saying the same thing. (Grandpa would surely have taught them the phrase by now—and maybe pinochle, too.)

Consider, if you will, only a few—I've got millions of 'em—of the recent goings-on in the Golden State. Some, of national importance you will readily recall; others, of local interest, may not have been brought to your attention. They are apparently unrelated, except for the tinge of *dementia praecox* that runs through all of them. But add them up and you must, it seems to me, come to the inevitable conclusion that some of the more fertile Jukes boys and gals came west, slept here, and left their unmistakable mark on their progeny.

The Law is the Law is the Law

In January, the California Supreme Court (by a 4-3 vote) overruled two of its own previous decisions and held that a *union may picket a firm even though the majority of the employees do not wish to be represented by the union.* "Closed or union shop agreements and concerted activities to achieve them are lawful in this state," reads the decision written by Justice Traynor, "whether or not a majority of the employees directly involved wish such agreements."

The dissenting Justice Schauer labeled this the restoration of "blackmail picketing" in California; he pointed out that an employer could be harassed into signing up his workers, who would then have the choice of paying dues to a union they didn't want or of being fired; and contended that the majority decision was completely contrary to the spirit of the Landrum-Griffin Act. Whoever Landrum and Griffin may be, they neither vote nor contribute campaign funds in California; but union leaders do. One shudders to think what punishment will befall Schauer and the other two recalcitrants, for nobody—*but nobody*—pushes California Labor Leaders around. The dissenting trio may be a) impeached; b) recalled; c) sent to an Alaskan institution under the provisions of the Mental Health Act; or d) sentenced to the gas-chamber, since California does not permit the guillotine except, of course, when used by pickets exercising their legal rights.

(Incidentally, shortly after the decision, the local papers reported that an agent of the Teamsters went to an employer and demanded that he sign up his men with the union. "Why don't you take it up with the men?" asked the employer. "Oh," said the organizer, "haven't you heard? We don't do it that way any more.")

The Democrats

In February, the California Democratic Council met at Fresno for its annual statewide convention and in three days solved all the problems of the world without the aid of an IBM machine. The cheering delegates demanded "the remolding of the UN into an organization that can enact world law, interpret it, and enforce world law upon individuals and governments alike." While they were at it, the delegates called for a halt to nuclear bomb testing; demanded that the U.S. disarm, whether or not the USSR does; urged legislation to permit policemen and firemen to strike; asked for an end to all loyalty oaths and the abolition of the investigations of the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Selah!

The Republicans

There is little to chronicle except the obvious fact that they're all for Nixon—or are keeping their mouths shut. But there are two items I must bring to your attention:

1) The almost complete disappearance of Bill Knowland from the scene. Having committed the cardinal political sin of standing for a principle and being beaten, he is not even mentioned at GOP conclaves. It is as though Knowland, who only two years ago was being hailed as one of the great men of his party and the logical successor to Bob Taft, had never existed.

2) Ex-Governor Goodwin Knight, who during the last campaign had his name prominently displayed on union banners that urged you to vote for him *and* Pat Brown, is now beginning

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Rx for Any Future Summit Meeting

A whiff of that little ol' Squaw Valley O_2,
May give us nerve to tell the Russians where to GO_2.

JOHANNES EFF

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to attack Brown. A little late, it is true, but nobody is making a fuss; and Goody *is* attending *all* the GOP affairs.

Pat Brown: a Profile

I need not, I take it, discuss the Chessman case, the basic facts of which are surely known to all of you. But I must add this little footnote to history:

On hearing from his constituents in Uruguay, Governor Pat Brown granted the now-famous last-minute reprieve; and exhibited a noble profile in courage by defending his action vigorously and calling for a special session of the legislature to abolish capital punishment in the state. In a state-wide television broadcast he stuck to his position unwaveringly, conceding that his stand might kill his political career. But here I stand, he said bravely—and you must admire spunk even in a doubtful cause.

Within 48 hours, however, the Governor had heard in no uncertain terms from his California constituents and, profile and all, got the hell outa there in a retreat so swift it broke all existing records. There is admiring talk, in case he gets neither first nor second position on the Democratic ticket, of entering him in the Olympic Games.

The University of California

At both Berkeley, the parent institution, and UCLA, the following question appeared in a test on English supposedly covering sentence structure, vocabulary, punctuation and composition:

What are the dangers to a democracy of a national police organization, like the FBI, which operates secretly and is unresponsive to public criticism?

Now this is a perfectly normal question in a college English test—as I'm certain that any professor at Pomona, say, would agree. The student, in answering it, can display his ability to avoid dangling participles, his clear differentiation between "who" and "whom," and his skilful use of the postpositive particle. Indeed, if you think about it for a moment, you can see that it would be almost impossible to frame another question that tested so accurately the student's knowledge of his mother tongue.

But the Know-Nothings, the witch-hunters, the burners of books, the anti-intellectuals, the whole frightening posse of invaders of academic freedom raised a hue and cry (in which, I regret to say, the stupid public joined) and asserted wantonly that the question was loaded and had nothing to do with English—as though, in this day and age, any subject could be an island entire unto itself.

Alas! Though the FBI is unresponsive to public criticism, the U. of C. is not. True, for one day, a group of UCLA professors stoutly defended the question; by the second day, it was being explained that the question really was *pro*-FBI, and that most of the students showed it by their answers; by the third day, it was conceded that the question was unwisely phrased; and by the fourth day, it was announced that the test had been withdrawn and apologies were sent to J. Edgar Hoover.

That should, in a decent society, have ended it. But my information is that the search is on for the anonymous framer of the original question at Berkeley; and it may even extend to the UCLA pedagogue who okayed its use in the southland. It is highly probable that two heads will fall—and America will have another Dreyfus case. Unless, of course, the students of Uruguay protest.

How Not to Win Friends

I put no credence in the widely-circulated story that Gerald L. K. Smith has been able to plant *agents provocateurs* in some highly-regarded Jewish organizations. Yet I note—and I'm certain grandfather would not have approved—that the local United Jewish Welfare Fund kicked off its annual drive by a dinner hailing Stanley Kramer—who sees no reason why he shouldn't hire Communists—as "Man of the Year."

Another puzzler comes in two parts:

a) According to Walter Winchell, a play by Felicien Marceau—author of *The Good Soup,* recently on Broadway—was banned in Israel because of Marceau's alleged pro-Nazi activities.

b) Otto Preminger engages Dalton Trumbo to do the screen version of *Exodus,* and there is no Israeli protest about an alleged Communist being chosen to write the saga of Israel. Nor have I heard of any protest from any representative Jewish organization—all of them distribute literature showing how Communist Russia has stamped out all traces of Jewish religion and culture—except a few angry words from members of the American Jewish League Against Communism. And, since I happen to be the chairman of the local branch, you couldn't call *that* a representative organization.

True, Trumbo is an excellent writer—perhaps even better than Marceau—who has turned out innumerable and highly successful screenplays, some of them under his own name. (There is even unimpeachable evidence that he had more than a hand in ghost-writing Secretary Stettinius' speech at the opening of the UN in San Francisco.) But he is also, if one may make a daring assumption from sworn testimony, a dedicated Communist.

Of Soothsayers and Crystal-Gazers

An item in one of the columns indicates that Drew Pearson may do some lecturing out here shortly before the Democratic convention assembles. That struck a faint note that bothered me. I finally found what I wanted in the *Beverly Hills Citizen* of February 15, in a column headed "5 YEARS AGO": "Drew Pearson, national news columnist and commentator, last night told a Sinai Temple audience that President Eisenhower would not run again in 1956 and that Vice President Nixon would not be renominated for his present position."

To Sum Up

Well, that's the way things are in California. Add them up and see if grandpa wasn't right. Your deal, partner, and remember, "Cra—." No, I'll go further, because in moments of stress we all revert to type: *Meshuggeh ist trumpf!*

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Special Report

An Appreciation of Robert Morris

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

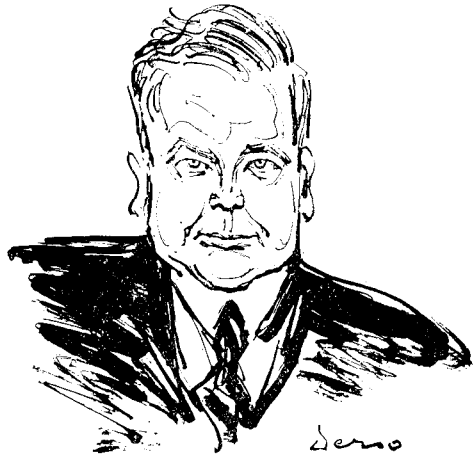
One of the stock arguments of conservatives in recent years has been the contention that people would gladly vote conservative if only they were "given the chance." This comforting theory will undergo a severe test on April 19, when New Jersey Republicans go to the polls to pick a senatorial nominee. If there was ever a clear-cut choice between a gold-plated, card-carrying Liberal and an able, hard-hitting conservative, it is the choice between incumbent Senator Clifford Case and his challenger, Robert Morris.

It is tempting to dwell, in passing, on the record of Clifford Case, the man who presumes to represent New Jersey Republicanism in the U.S. Senate. But I have been asked to write an appreciation of Robert Morris, from the standpoint of one who has worked with him; and that is a far greater pleasure.

For eighteen months—from March 1956 to August 1957—our desks were a scant three feet apart in a cubby-hole in the Old Senate Office Building in Washington, where the Internal Security Subcommittee (of which Morris was then Chief Counsel) had its office. No man, they tell us, is a hero to his valet; but after a year and a half as Associate Counsel under Bob Morris, I can truthfully say he is a hero of mine.

What quality distinguishes him? Not personality—he is almost the typical warm-hearted Irishman, but no more so than a thousand others. Not intellect—though serious-minded, he is not by temperament attuned to the life of the mind. Not any special expertise—while he is surely one of the half-dozen best informed men in America on the question of internal security, we all know men almost equally adept in their chosen fields. No: what sets Robert Morris apart is a trait of *character*, more important than warm-heartedness, more fundamental than intellect, more necessary than expertise. I shall call it, for want of a better phrase, an invincible innocence of spirit.

Anyone familiar with the ways of the world will know what I mean when I speak of the manner in which politics commonly corrupts men. Even making all due allowances for natural differences of attitude and temperament, it remains true that a steady diet of political infighting tends to coarsen, and ultimately to cheapen, most participants. They approach politics as reasonably honorable citizens, and by imperceptible degrees it sucks them into its vortex. The plainly right shades into the nearly wrong; the inexcusable slowly becomes the barely permissible. At last the best of men



become very nearly the worst, and behave—usually in the name of some long-forgotten virtue—in ways that would shame a pain-crazed rattlesnake.

But here and there, now and then, some individual defies the pattern, and succeeds in the teeth of the seemingly universal Gresham's Law of politics. A Taft, a Goldwater, a Bracken Lee makes the truth pay off, for a change, and gladdens the hearts of millions who supposed that honesty could never again win an election.

That is the kind of cloth Bob Morris is cut from.

I doubt that it has ever seriously occurred to him to prosper personally, politically and financially, by consenting to "go along" with policies that he knows to be popular but considers harmful to the national interest. I saw some variant of that suggestion made to him a hundred times, and his response was always the same. The round cherubic face grew somber, the mouth tightened to a determined little line, and he slowly shook his head. That was all. In extreme cases one might hear a little grunt—a pathetic sound that somehow always reminded me of a game but winded boxer taking a body blow. But never was there a pause that could have been construed as an instant's hesitation, or even a worldly smile to signify that he had heard the wings of temptation rustling by. The personal world of Robert Morris has just two dimensions: right and wrong.

Needless to say, such a man is dangerous. In the Washington of 1956 and 1957, there were many consciences that could never hope to rest easy while so unassailable a figure wielded the subpoena powers of a Senate subcommittee. And not only in Washington—as we learned one day in April 1957, when a Canadian diplomat in far-off Cairo, long saturated in the Communist conspiracy, plunged to his death from a seven-story building rather than clarify subjects rightly raised by our Subcommittee's investigations. Within hours, the great propaganda guns of international Liberalism were trained on Robert Morris. I can still see the ring of hostile reporters that surrounded him that morning—one of them literally red-eyed with weeping over the dead Communist. "Who's your next victim?" he snarled, in a classic lapse from journalistic objectivity. But, savage as the provocation became, Bob's self-command never left him.

By mid-afternoon, the cobras were on the Senate floor, demanding his dismissal: Javits of New York—the late Neuberger—the time-serving nonentity from Utah, Arthur Watkins. Next day, wirephotos of Morris' effigy being burned on the campus of the University of Toronto were spread across the front pages of America's newspapers. It was a week before our friends in the Senate and the press recovered their voices to counter-attack (and, ultimately, to win).

But meanwhile, what about Bob Morris? He had been marked for slaughter and he knew it—and with

(Continued on p. 247)

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Letter from Africa

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

The Mocambique Story

To the average American or European—skeptical of the practical talents of all Latins, and especially of Iberians—probably a visit to the southern part of Portuguese East Africa, or Moçambique, comes as a revelation. The visitor will certainly be startled by Lourenço Marques, capital of the province, which is a modern architectural city, with originally-styled villas, flats, and office buildings. L.M., as it is called for short, is a friendly, airy, and also a romantic place. The tones of the house-walls, window frames and roofs match those worn by the natives: the immaculate white shirts of the black boys, the red skirts and bandannas of the girls, the fez worn by the policemen, all are colorful.

In this city of almost 80,000 inhabitants the whites number fewer than 25,000 yet racial tensions do not exist, a color bar is unheard of. This does not mean that the races have really fused, although the Portuguese conduct a colonial policy in the Latin style which implies assimilation of the natives. Once the natives have really adopted the Portuguese way of life and have acquired a genuine loyalty for Portugal, they can formally apply for full citizen status. A mixed European-African board decides the case. Of course, becoming an *assimilado* entails full military service, the end of free medical care, the paying of taxes, and other vexations to which modern man has become accustomed. Nearly 6,000 *assimilados* live in Moçambique, and many more in Portuguese West Africa (Angola). Those of mixed blood move with perfect ease in Portuguese society.

Indifference Toward Color

All in all this is a very different situation compared with either the Union of South Africa or a number of other colonies. It would be shortsighted to seek the reasons solely in the Portuguese indifference towards color. It is more than mere coincidence that the only part of Africa devoid of racial tension lies in the area controlled by a power which does *not* believe in formal democracy.

What does formal democracy really stand for? As practiced in the free world it rests on the two principles of equality and majority rule. It is fundamentally hostile to qualifications, save of age, or, in some cases, of literacy. As Aristotle sadly remarked, the votes in democracies are counted but not weighed. Intellectual worth, contributions to the wealth or welfare of the country, character and experience receive no consideration.

'Democracy" Means Demagogy

Curiously enough, this highly irrational and frequently semi-religious democratism was enthusiastically adopted by colonial powers which could not refrain from preaching the doctrine of egalitarian numerical intuitivism in their colonies. It was inevitable that the nations and tribes overseas, imbued with their European masters' democratic doctrines, would sooner or later ask for the precious gift of "self-government." Nevertheless, if the African is actually granted the vote, massive native parties of the most demagogical pattern will soon score huge majorities, and the white man's rule will come to a speedy end. In large parts of Africa (admittedly not in all) such an evolution would lead to chaos, fratricidal wars, tribal massacres and tyranny.

From all this it should be evident that democratic colonists are beset by an insoluble dilemma which forces them to de-liberalize and de-nature democracy, thus turning it into a veiled aristocracy; to resort to hypocrisy and pseudo-scientific racialist theories. The Portuguese attitude in its colonies, on the other hand, is quite rational, reasonable and moral. The Lisbon government is convinced that Western civilization (due to its Christian, personalist and scientific character) will gradually conquer the entire globe—even if primitive collectivist setbacks occasionally engulf large sectors of humanity. The Portuguese feel themselves responsible for this process in their overseas provinces where they take care—as far as their slender means permit—of the native populations which still lack the qualifications to manage the intricacies of modern civilization. Yet the men in Lisbon, headed by Salazar, will not consider pigmentation or cranial indexes an absolute obstacle to such an evolution. Individuals who graduate more quickly than others will be given the chance to change their status while others, for the time being, will be treated as wards.

The Africans who remain in the official category of *indigenos* get full protection. All factories, shops, restaurants and households are periodically inspected by European and African policemen; both employers and native employees are questioned as to how the state-supervised contract with its rigid stipulations is working out between them. Complaints are carefully investigated. Natives (who must not be touched by their employers) receive occasional beatings by native policemen, while white employers can be brought before a tribunal and severely punished.

Visiting Afrikanders

In Moçambique I had various opportunities to meet South African tourists, some of them first-timers, most of them Afrikanders. It was interesting to watch their reactions. Only one of them expressed real distaste at the total lack of *apartheid* and the presence of good-looking mulattoes or Indians in elegant hotels. They are amazed that the natives can drink whatever they want and are almost never drunk.

There is, of course, no democracy in Moçambique, as there is none in Portugal. (With all due criticism of Salazar one shudders at the thought of what his liberal opponents would do were they in power—in Portugal or overseas). Yet Portugal has something few democracies have and that is a plan; more than that, it is convinced of its mission—not a global mission, but a duty to implant a number of Christian principles in its own territories.

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The Twilight of Reporting

OBITUARY NOTICE: Dead, of complications, old-time American reporting, victim of automated news-gathering techniques, high cost and the race for the advertising dollar

GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Americans are supposed to be able to read because general education has been compulsory in most parts of the country for more than a century. In recent years, youngsters have been required to remain at school in some places, willy-nilly, until they are 16 years of age; 18 in others. Surely, in so many years almost anyone would learn something about something.

The fact is that most Americans are badly informed, particularly about their own country. In a recent conversation with an Asiatic vistor, I had to explain this phenomenon by saying that we have become a non-political people, that up to World War I, our people, all over the country, were deeply concerned about politics, but that since we have become prosperous and have moved up to a high standard of living, we have lost our interest in politics.

If one were to take a look at the newspapers, say for any year between 1900 and 1917, he would find exciting, controversial, fighting reporting of the news. William Randolph Hearst, a tendentious socialist, associated with Arthur Brisbane who was brought up as a Fourierist by his father, Albert, battled for the socialization of the means of communication and for a broadening of public welfare. Joseph Pulitzer, a Hungarian Jew, a refugee from the battles for freedom in Europe, was fighting corruption in government in this country. Lincoln Steffens and Charles Edward Russell, radical idealists, were bringing the truth about the exploitation of the people into the press. Upton Sinclair joined them.

The list of competent, hard-hitting, independent, unafraid reporters is legion. They had to live, too—and they managed well because their employers were as fearless as they were. Stories were not suppressed out of fear of economic pressure. In 1907, William Randolph Hearst wrote: ". . . When there are faults in our unions and combinations, let us correct them, but not deny the value of united effort." He was not afraid that anti-union employers would withdraw their advertisements, just as Adolph Ochs would not join organizations that might become pressure groups.

The Advertiser Takes Over

The newspaper sought circulation. The assumption was that if a newspaper had ample circulation, the advertiser would be forced to do his pitch in that newspaper. In fact, so rigid was the separation between the editorial and reporting side of a newspaper and the business side that people on one side hardly spoke to those on the other. Interference by the business side was regarded as an intolerable intrusion. It was not that men were more moral than now; it was rather that the advertiser had not yet become so important. He was an individual, not an organized high pressure group handling perhaps $100 million a year of business. He came in with his piece of copy, a comparatively small merchant, hat in hand, to ask for space from a notable figure in the land.

Men such as Greeley, Dana, Hearst, Pulitzer and Ochs had no fear that J. P. Morgan or some such person would cut their credit or even their newsprint supply, which must come from a Canadian cartel. From the standpoint of the independence of the press, the radio or television, Madison Avenue has been the worst influence in the United States. Any large agency possesses too much economic power. It represents not one firm but many, not one advertiser but many. It can give a newspaper several million dollars a year of advertising or nothing at all. It can switch advertising from newspapers to television, from television to newspapers. It recognizes that as many Republicans as Democrats use detergents, smoke cigarettes and buy automobiles. Even Communists are consumers.

When the newspaper switched from being circulation-conscious for the sake of circulation to circulation-conscious for the sake of advertising, the character of American journalism was altered. Editors who had always ignored the business office as something inferior, became aware of the importance of Henry Ford or General Motors.

Columnists usually ignore newspaper policies because if a man's copy appears in 200 or 300 newspapers, he cannot possibly know the policy of each one. But it soon becomes noticeable to him that references to the absurd or indecent conduct of big advertisers are not too welcome. He also notices that the President of the United States is not as protected as a big advertiser. This represents a significant loss of independence of the press.

Another factor in this situation is the emergence of trade unionism in the newspaper world. Reporters do not report. They do not compete for a story. They go in packs. The press conference has become an instrument for the avoidance of individual reporting. The press conference and the mimeographed handout are a stultification of reporting. It makes the reporter a creature of the individual who is reported about. In the high noon of American journalism, the reporter dug out his own material. Can one imagine Sam Blythe digging up a story as one of a heterogeneous mob of American and alien reporters

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seated like school boys at a high school convocation?

President Eisenhower has followed a procedure which lowered the status of the reporter. To the stag dinners which were given to advertise favorites and as a "payola" for those who reciprocated, he invited publishers rather than reporters. His assumption undoubtedly was that, as a soldier salutes a general, so a reporter obeys a publisher. This, of course, his experienced press agent, Jim Hagerty, should have told him is not so. Jim's father, for instance, would not have written a lying word in his entire life nor would he have been asked to.

There are a few publishers who can write their own copy but not too many. Most of them come up on the business side, and the smartest of them avoid involvements in writing jobs. However, a publisher can set a policy but he has to be an extraordinarily watchful man to prevent his policy from being voided by wilful reporters or even headline writers. Eisenhower's partisanship for the bosses has not helped him with the correspondents or the cartoonists as much as he believes that it has. Richard Nixon is smarter; he talks to anybody. But then, he is not yet a President.

No News, All Gossip

The high cost of reporting, the inadequate results, have forced many newspapers to fill their inside pages with features. It is unbelievable how many features there are and how little newspapers pay for them. Advice to the lovelorn; advice to parents about children; to children about parents; what to eat; how to prepare it; what to drink; where to go to get food better than the wife can cook. Gossip—endless gossip about nonentities; item after item about unknown persons who, like ships that pass in the night, shine once and disappear. Columns of every kind and description. It is all like the filling in a cake —something that goes between the first page and the editorial page. Much of it is useless. I recently examined half a dozen medical columns and wondered why the American Medical Association did nothing about them. Absentee medical care can be a very treacherous activity, even if, at the end of a curbstone opinion, the medical columnist says, "Consult your physician."

The space filler is no substitute for the reporter but what I am advocating would put many smaller newspapers into bankruptcy. They have to depend upon syndicates, wire-services and other cooperative means to overcome the enormous costs which now face them. That is why so many newspapers are disappearing; why so many amalgamations take place.

When only one newspaper exists in a city, the residents could be limited to one partisan point of view. Actually, their newspaper may have no point of view or all points of view. It is a conveyor of views. For itself, it may reach a common denominator of views.

Sam Newhouse, the most recent and successful of publishers, is a businessman who operates newspapers without regard to views. In Syracuse, New York, for instance, he operates a Republican and a Democratic newspaper. Both are ably edited. Each is independent of the other. Both are independent of Newhouse. This is a new conception of newspaper publishing, in the sense that the owner stays in the counting house and keeps out of the editorial office altogether. But what will happen should Newhouse ever develop a profound sense of right and demand that his newspapers support his cause? He says that it could not happen, that he would never make such a demand on his editors. Never is a very, very finite word!

What Newhouse is trying to do is significant. He is trying again to separate the editorial from the business office. He is also trying to eliminate centralized overhead and thereby to make chain newspapers realistically profitable. Thus far, his efforts have been financially successful, but whether he can manage an empire of newspapers, magazines, radio and television stations without any editorial supervision is to be seen. At present, the Newhouse newspapers have no editorial supervision by Newhouse.

Nothing has yet come into existence which adequately replaces proper and complete reporting. *U.S. News & World Report* comes very close to it. *Life* and *Look* make no attempt at reporting; they are feature publications, like the inside pages of newspapers; *Time* and *Newsweek* are too limited in their scope. The radio and television, as they relate to news, do no reporting in the sense of excavating news which governments or other instruments of power wish to suppress.

Curiously, where one finds good reporting, albeit belatedly, is in the small, biased, partisan papers and news letters. Some of these exist only to support hate causes. Some are financial tip sheets. Some are house organs. Some are even blackmail papers. One does find in them, often badly done, gems of information not elsewhere published. Such weeklies as the *New Leader*, *National Review*, the *New Republic* and even the *National Guardian* sometimes pick up an important item which the daily press misses.

The revival of adequate reporting presents an emotional problem. It used to be that boys went in for reporting at $10 or $15 a week because they felt the call. When they earned $25 a week, they bought a cane so that they would look like reporters. "Lightning Louie" Zeltner, one of the best leg-men New York ever knew, earned a very hard living but he never missed a story, and his children were proud to go into the business.

Reporting was a profession, and men were proud to be part of it. It was not a trade; it was not a job; it was not a stepping stone to becoming a radio announcer or a television script-writer. It was a proud profession and the final goal was to become an editor, which was a noble status in any community.

Can you name the editor of the newspaper you read today?

Monkey Off Our Back

Reds who fall in Party Graces
Take one-way trips to foreign places;
Measure Molotov for distance,
Or Comrade Bulgy's ride, for instance;
Or Malenkov whose fate we pity in,
A victim of much space euclidean.
Nikita's final trip is soon;
Destination? Why, the moon!
Thus can anyone have doubt of
Whom Ike's tour made a monkey out of?

JOHANNES EFF

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from HERE *to* THERE

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Not So Fast There!

When I was younger I used to worry a lot about the Necessity of Confronting Issues. The Handwriting was invariably on the Wall, the Nation was at the Crossroads, the Sword of Damocles Hung Overhead, and it was Later Than You Think. It was the duty of the right-thinking Progressive to Grasp the Horns of the Dilemma, and to Face the Hour of Decision.

The fact is, however, that issues, although they are confronted daily by all sorts of quarreling groups, are almost never settled. They are bypassed and, eventually, they are outflanked. Men and nations owe their persistence on this earth to one more of those Parkinsonian laws: Issues Disappear.

At the moment there are several domestic issues that are troubling vast numbers of people. There are, to pick some outstanding examples, the labor issue, the monopoly issue, the farm issue, the school issue. The furore about these is endless. But, simply because we have a government that goes by inaction whenever there is fear that a sizable bloc of voters will be offended, nothing drastic will be done about any of them in Washington.

Labor Headaches

The labor issue is bad enough, Heaven knows. When a small group of semi-autocratic union bosses can shut down an industry as important as steel for months and end by imposing on it a possibly inflationary settlement, one has a right to complain. But the labor problem is not going to be solved by legislation; it is going to settle itself.

Lest I be thought complacent or Pollyanaish, let me quote some statistics. The Department of Labor vouches for the fact that a third of the nation's industrial labor force consists of white collar workers. With automation, the proportion of white collar workers is bound to grow. Walter Reuther, who has an unerring instinct for knowing the sources of power, has tumbled to the fact that the labor movement will ultimately stand or fall on its ability to bring the white collar man into the union movement. But the white collar worker resists.

During the past decade the union movement has remained almost stationary, taken as a percentage total of the entire labor force. The union movement has recruited white collar workers in the communications industries, but it has not been able to capture architects, draftsmen, aircraft manufacturing technicians, missile and electronic employees, scientists of all kinds, bank clerks, insurance men and engineers.

From Mr. Reuther's point of view, the sad fact is that the white collar man is apt to think of the company, not the cross-company union, as protection for his future. "Togetherness," which once brought men into unions, is, with a public relations assist from canny professional management, now something that comes with the package when you sign up for a career. And, as the service industries grow in terms of employment while the production industries decline, the distrust of unionism is bound to encompass more of the working force.

Does this mean that the Big Corporation, with its Organization Men, will get a stranglehold—through Monopolistic Competition—on the poor Consumer? Again, we put our finger on a Problem that is in process of being outflanked. The truth is that the cartelization impulse has almost completely disappeared from the local scene. Instead of trying to limit any given market to a few polite "competitors" who know how to live with each other without drastic price cutting, the American business executive has developed a keen nose for saturation points. When he smells one coming up, he is usually out of that particular line—or at least he has managed to balance it with something more profitable. A National Distillers Co. will add non-alcoholic chemicals to its whisky line; a Pullman Co. will be out of the sleeping car business and into the business of making truck trailers; a Philadelphia and Reading Co. will be adding textiles to its more traditional mining concerns; a Textron Co. will be dodging new commitments in textiles as it seeks out profitable opportunities in metal fasteners, radar antennae, television parts and aluminum storm windows. As for du Pont, it is always looking for something out of the ordinary.

Farm and Education

The farm problem, of course, must get worse before it gets better. But as the surpluses grow larger, the farmers themselves grow fewer. Some day the politician is going to wake up to discover that the Farm Bloc is a toothless tiger. By that time the few farmers who will be left in the business will be the good ones, capable of making a living out of the market.

As for education, as the agitation continues for Washington to shell out to the states for a more luxurious educational plant, parents—and, with them, the local school boards—have become increasingly aware that a correct theory about teaching may be worth thousands of dollars. With the reintroduction of phonics into reading, and with the new methods of teaching arithmetic, it won't be many years before local school boards have found that a grammar school education can be given in six years instead of eight. By shortening the whole process of education as its quality improves, the real cost of maintaining a child in school is bound to decrease. (Inflation, of course, may tend to hide this—but inflation itself may eventually lose out as productivity cuts its ravages down.)

Even the Population Explosion may turn out to be a firecracker without fire. The cost of distilling sea water or brackish swamp water into fresh water used to be $10 per thousand gallons; now it is down to $1.45. Some day the cost of getting irrigation water from the sea will be competitive with that of supplying it from wells and rivers and lakes. So hang on to that bit of Nevada desert if you own it, and tell your grandchildren that they may have a big future as emigrants to Mauritania.

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THE IVORY TOWER

WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

Where Should I Send My Son to School?

The question I am most often asked by readers of this journal is, Where can I send my son (or daughter) to school (or college) and spare him indoctrination in Liberalism? I have never answered the question satisfactorily, and none of my failures gnaws at me more persistently: for the question supremely deserves a satisfactory answer, just as the search for schools that uphold conservative values deserves satisfaction. The question is one that must be considered with utmost gravity, and answered only after long thought and intensive investigation. It cannot be satisfactorily answered at this time.

Liberalism as we know it is many things. But in the immediate connection, we think of only two aspects of Liberalism: its fanatical secularism, and its passion for collectivizing. The troubled parents I speak of seek to spare their children victimization by one or both of these dogmas of Liberalism. There seems to be (if my experience is typical) less apprehension about the dangers of a loss of religious faith, than about the prospective loss of the student's opportunity to learn about the constitution of liberty. Whether that is so because the world is too much with us, I do not venture to say. However that may be, I confine myself here to inquiries about the political and economic attitudes prevalent in the colleges.

I have reminded those who write me that *all* colleges are influenced by the graduate schools of the major universities. Here are trained the teachers who fan out every year bringing to the remotest corners of the land with evangelistic fervor news of the latest madness of the neoterics under whom they have just completed their studies, and with whom they will ever be in touch. No college, however well hidden, however well armed or camouflaged, however many years' provisions had been stocked in its library, was proof against John Dewey. None now is uninfluenced by John Kenneth Galbraith. In a word, the influence of Liberalism does not—as is so widely supposed—decrease in proportion to the geographical distance from Harvard University. In fact, sometimes it happens just the other way: the recurrent phenomenon of the student outdoing the teacher in zeal. Who, having spent a day at the University of Wisconsin, will not look upon New York University as a conservative sanctuary? Lord Keynes had much more influence in Harvard than he did in Cambridge where he taught. So much so, that he grew to be appalled by what passed as Keynesianism in Harvard.

Hayek at Harvard?

But there are individual conservatives in almost every college nowadays. Some of them exercise a considerable personal influence. A few even go so far as to set the tone of the department in which they work; others set up, by the force of their scholarship or personality, magnetic fields which gravely interrupt the steady bombardment of the student by which Liberalization is accomplished. If Friedrich Hayek taught at Harvard, a volley by Kenneth Galbraith to the students of economics on the subject of the Conventional Wisdom would have to be lobbed over a very high net, for Hayek is a very tall man. Obviously, an inquiring parent wants to know where such men are.

And finally, here and there a college falls into the hands of a man who consciously sets out to redress the balance. The president of Claremont Men's College in California, for instance, is on record as wanting to attract conservatives to his college in order to challenge the Liberal orthodoxy. The late Gordon Chalmers of Kenyon was such a man, as was Dr. Cowling, president-emeritus of Carlton College in Minnesota. Other men announce their noble intentions, but their resolution breaks against the iron will of a faculty hidebound in liberalism. On the strength of what a president says in a baccalaureate address about the virtues of freedom and self-government, many parents have been deluded into believing that here, finally, is Mecca. Their subsequent disappointment is keen.

Such data about this college or that, based on the factors I have mentioned, can be added together to make points for or against a teaching institution, but they are impressionistically gathered, and therefore not wholly reliable. Every year there are reshufflings in the departments of many colleges throughout the country, and it may take ten years before the altered ideological character of the department becomes a generally recognized fact. Every year, power contests are decided in colleges all over the country: between alumni and administration, administration and faculty, between schools of thought within a department.

What is needed, of course, is an annual survey conducted by a small but industrious, knowing, and scholarly team of persons (three or four) whose principal activity would be to read the scholarly output (including the doctoral theses) of the nation's economists, political scientists, and (if possible) historians. The movements of conservative teachers would be followed. The researchers would keep in touch with conservative student activities in the given colleges.

Responsible Information

Possibly it would be wise to publish an annual report. More likely it would be enough simply to be equipped to supply responsible and contemporary information (perhaps for a fee) to any inquiring parent who wants to know about the ideological complexion of any given college. There would, of course, be separate categories separating denominational colleges, big and small colleges, first-flight, second-flight colleges, etc. How vastly relieved the conscientious parent would feel if he could receive from such an agency reliable information on the character of the university he has in mind committing his son or daughter to.

Is there a philanthropist in the house?

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Glad Tidings for School Boards

On perhaps the majority of school boards in the United States, there is at least one serious member who feels that something is wrong with American public schooling in general, and probably with his school in particular. Among the membership of every Parent-Teachers Association there probably are two or three men and women concerned with the decay of intellectual disciplines for the rising generation. In every town of any size, certainly, there are a dozen or a score of citizens who sense that the schools need something more than money. But all of these people have been at a loss where to turn for concise and accurate information; where to find guidance toward reform.

That crying need is now filled. Mr. Mortimer Smith—editor of the Bulletin of the Council for Basic Education, and author of *And Madly Teach* and *The Diminished Mind*—has written the textbook for which these men and women have been looking: *A Citizens Manual for Public Schools.* Its subtitle is *A Guide for School Board Members and Other Laymen.* It costs one dollar, and it is published by the Council for Basic Education (725 Fifteenth Street, N.W., Washington 5, D.C.). About the best investment you and I can make with a five-dollar bill is to buy enough copies to give one to each member of one's local school board.

Not finance—which is the only thing school board members need know about, according to many educationists—but curriculum is the subject of this lively, witty, and authoritative study. A specimen of Mr. Smith's prose many suffice to suggest the matter in hand and the way he approaches it: he is discussing the need for careful teaching of English.

"In the world beyond the school, we have learned to accept with equanimity, or at least resignation, various bizarre treatments of English: the jargon of the Madison Avenue hucksters; the learned Choctaw in which sociologists, psychologists, social workers, and such hold converse; the viscid prose of the professional educators; the slack-jointed, formless style of the novelists of the Beat Generation; the muddy and sometimes incomprehensible language which President Eisenhower uses at his press conferences. We have no longer the common bond of a language which is governed by tradition, logic, and standards, intelligible to all who have gone through school; we have instead a loose confederation of hybrid tongues for the convenience of ignoramuses or specialists."

The Hows and Whys

Practical suggestions as to what a school ought and ought not to try to do; advice on "guidance" and "accreditation"; the question of slow learners; "Questions to Ask in Judging a School"—these are some of the topics that Mr. Smith takes up boldly and masterfully. There is an admirable bibliography of books and articles on basic education. A description of scholarly services available is included with addresses. It is pleasing to find a glossary of common terms used in education, and definitions. Two appendices are very valuable: one concerned with school board credos, the other with reports on improvement of basic education in schools.

School board members and others who have fought a valiant, if bewildering, battle against vague schemes for the expensive school "plant" and have tried to hold the line for traditional disciplines will be really heartened by Mr. Smith's admonitions:

"If you can't put a check alongside the statement that 'boys participate in home economics activities in ways suited to their needs and interests,' does this mean your high school is a deficient educational institution? If you have to admit that 'aquatic activities' and 'camping activities' are missing in your school, is this necessarily a cause of handwringing? If your school doesn't provide a 'living center' for 'experiences in home furnishing, house care, and hospitality,' need you hang your head in shame? And if your social studies teacher, instead of emphasizing 'the study of contemporary problems of individual, group, and intergroup living,' chooses to teach honest-to-God history on the theory that the present is understandable only through knowledge of the past, is she to be classed as a quaint survivor of the dark days of educational reaction?"

To every one of these rhetorical questions, Mr. Smith's reply is "no." The average citizen interested in internal improvement of the schools now may say "no" with much greater assurance. And there are many things to which he can say "yes," having read Mr. Smith's recommendations for a restored curriculum. This slim manual of 96 pages is crammed with just the information for which thousands have been groping. In a footnote on page eight, for instance, is summarized a high-school curriculum which will be accepted by any college in the country as adequate for entrance.

Mr. Smith's passing observations on many topics are likely to instigate sweeping reforms in a thousand schools. Take him on imaginative reading:

"The subject of memorizing suggests another thought: In the time of youth, is there not a place for memorizing some of the great productions of the human imagination? Is it 'corny' to memorize the Gettysburg Address, the preamble to the Constitution and the opening paragraphs of the Declaration, passages from Shakespeare and Milton and the Bible, and on a lower level, Longfellow and Whittier? Perhaps some day it will be discovered that the most precious possession of childhood—imagination—is not dead and that the Traveller knocking on the moonlit door is more exciting than a sanitary bloodless story about how Troop 13 of the Boy Scouts helped clean up the town dump."

Or take Mr. Smith on phonics *vs.* the *Gestalt* nonsense about reading . . . But you must make yourself proprietor of a copy.

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The Search Goes On

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Ralph de Toledano has written an exclusionist book (*Lament for a Generation,* Farrar, $3.95). Before now, and ringingly, he had settled his score with the fellow travelers, socialists and Liberals with whom he once kept glad company. He stitches together his case against them here, and his indictment would not keep a sensible jury out for very long. Now he goes further. To begin with, he disavows Senator McCarthy and his principal lieutenants, and does so in harsh terms. The rhetoric of disavowal is characteristically harsh. Toledano was once their friend and ally; he regrets the association, and now he turns against them with a melancholy bitterness. Eugene Lyons once answered a detractor of Senator McCarthy by saying, "I too regret Joe McCarthy is not Abraham Lincoln." That perspective Toledano no longer permits himself—not where McCarthy is concerned. It is true that Senator McCarthy came out for 110 per cent parity for farmers (Toledano takes a liberty some people might classify as "McCarthyite" by putting the figure at 120 per cent). It is true that McCarthy spoke directly to the *demos* (which no conservative will do, except *in extremis*). It is true that the whole movement was impossibly disorganized (so would the Encyclopaedia Britannica have looked if arrested at an early stage). But these would not seem to be the points worth making nowadays about the McCarthy years, at least not by someone who prides himself on the realism of his approach to contemporary political problems. Certainly they are not the points of salient interest to an intellectual surveying, in the bloody aftermath, the causes of the abortion of the single visceral manifestation of popular anti-Communism since the war's end.

Toledano, heaven knows, is not grown soft on the subject of Communism. His disagreements with Communism are set down in irreconcilable philosophical terms. He is permanently scarred by his apprehension of the quintessence of the spirit of Sovietism, in the opening lines of the *Catechism of a Revolutionist* by Bakunin-Nechayev: "*The Revolutionist is a doomed man. He has no personal interests, no affairs, sentiments, attachments, property, not even a name of his own. Everything in him is absorbed by one exclusive interest, one thought, one passion—the revolution.*" He knows what we are up against; and knew, but has forgotten, that McCarthy has to be located within the terms of that absolutist and definitive confrontation for which we are headed.

It is not as though the author were unfailingly Platonic on the necessity for the affirmation of one's purity. For he is a Nixon man, and as uncritically devoted to Mr. Nixon as Charlie Michelson was to Franklin Roosevelt: the slide-rule that measures right and wrong, wisdom and unwisdom, is whipped out only when we set about to gauge lesser subjects than Richard Nixon, and that restraint is hard to accept from one who enjoins upon us an implacable insistence upon right conduct.

I do not mean to denigrate Mr. Nixon. Quite possibly he will be the savior of America. I say only that if one were to judge Mr. Nixon as exactingly as Mr. Toledano judges McCarthy and other figures on the Right, one could have every bit as bloody a time: perhaps more, even, for Richard Nixon is thrust upon us at a level of statesmanship that presupposes a more heroic performance. A politician is taught to be more forgiving toward public figures according as they exercise more power. Franklin Roosevelt committed moral enormities the measure of which, *ex officio,* the public is not to be allowed to weigh. But Toledano writes as an intellectual, and within the covers of the book in which he weeps over McCarthy's excesses as regards farm parity payments and George Marshall, he exercises silence on Mr. Nixon's enthusiasm for the visit to this country of Nikita Khrushchev.

But Toledano is human, as which one of us who is not does not wish he were? Nixon is his *ultima ratio*; so let it be, and let the matter of McCarthy rest.

> I had learned that though anti-Communism might be the battle-cry, it is but a single phase in an endless battle for man's soul. Beyond anti-Communism, there was man's courage, man's dignity, and self-contained within his duty to God, man's hope. There were no easy answers, no systems to accept, whole and uncritically . . .
>
> RALPH DE TOLEDANO
>
> in *Lament for a Generation*

But what of his remarks about others? How can he read Russell Kirk and dismiss him by saying that "his graceful evocations [have] failed to make that transference into the present which those of us on the *via dolorosa* so eagerly sought"? How can he, in the face of the even, diversified, unexcitable, unfailing brilliance of James Burnham set him aside with the trivial remark that "the spirit of faction" has vitiated his effectiveness? (If Mr. T. wants to hear my First Law, here it is: that no conservative movement in this country which is intelligent and serious will proceed without the counsel of James Burnham. My Law admits of no exceptions, Mr. Nixon.) Why is the "aristocratic conservatism" of Frank Meyer "of little value in the here-and-now of the American political scene?" Because it inconveniences Mr. Nixon?

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But the great travesty is upon the American South, as gross an exercise in collective guilt as I have seen: the South, for Ralph de Toledano, is not conservative in any meaningful sense; it is simply racist. From this indictment he excuses only James Byrnes (whom he credits with sincere constitutional concern over the *démarche* of the Supreme Court). His reasons are that on a tour of the South he found people talking about the "Nigras" and the problem they pose. Why does he not know that very few people (though there are more in the South than just James Byrnes, thousands more) know how to externalize their deepest concerns? The socialists are constantly suggesting that the exclusive interest American capitalists have in our system is business profits, and in case the directors of the Fund for the Republic haven't thought about it, here indeed is a project for them: to go about the country and record the badinage of members of the Chamber of Commerce, for much of the talk is indeed about business "conditions." But does this mean that the concern for freedom is not at the root of their concern for a free market economy?

How sympathetic I am toward anyone who seeks, and does not find, the conservatives' philosophers' stone! But it is a mistake to assume that it is not there, merely because one's powers of synthesis are insufficient (as mine are insufficient) to locate it. Mr. Toledano's chapter on "The Conservative Dilemma" is a highly congested series of notes and intuitions, and perhaps they should, pending their distillation, have been addressed to himself in a sealed envelope. His demands in that chapter on his reader are high: he is overcome with the wild and conflicting data one must consult if one is to arrive at the conservative synthesis. It is rather a lot, on two facing pages (pp. 194, 195) to make references to so many, and so diverse, people, things and concepts as: William Pitt (the Elder), Calvinism, Popism, Arminianism, Walt Whitman, Mark Twain, Henry James, Voltaire, Jacobinism, Mencken, Pudd'nhead Wilson, Henry James, Brook Farm, Main Street, Hawthorne, Emerson, Thoreau, Chambers, God, Luce, Henry Adams, Reformation, Christianity, Trinity, Pelagianism, Unitarianism, Ethical Culture, Protestantism, Reinhold Niebuhr, Catholicism, Jansenism, and Walter Reuther.

BUT MAKE no mistake about it, Toledano furthers the search for the philosophers' stone. And his search is spirited, and his language eloquent, and his tale of the evolution of his thought engrossing. There is not a moment when the story lags. From the beginning, when he describes his origins ("*I was born in the International Zone of Tangier in 1916, and lived the first five years of incomprehension under that glittering and uncompromising sun which burned its way into the corners of St. Augustine's consciousness and baked to adamantine strength the thinking of so many Christian mystics*"), to the penultimate chapter, in which he discloses his personal religious experience, and speaks of the impact, in the light of that experience, of rereading *Don Quixote* ("*. . . which had begun as a jape* [*but*] *ended as a passionary of man . . . a vision* [*that*] *cut deeply into the nerve centers of my mortal and immortal preoccupations.*").

RALPH DE TOLEDANO: ". . . his search is spirited . . . his language eloquent . . . his tale of the evolution of his thought engrossing."

There is a captivating chapter on his personal association with Mr. Nixon. Another on the excitement, intellectual and spiritual, of knowing Whittaker Chambers (there is perhaps none to match it). And everywhere, the epigrams, the incandescent insights. ("*American capitalism was seldom if ever conservative. In the rampaging Gilded Age and the period that followed, American capital . . . was a great instinctive force lacking motivation and driven by destiny to pound a savage continent into shape —and having done this it quietly, and for the most part meekly, surrendered its powers and prerogatives to a government which had only tentatively sought to tame the monster. Simultaneously, it relinquished business control to a managerial class whose major stake was bureaucratic —and its cash to a host of foundations dominated by the formers of liberal opinion.*")

RALPH DE TOLEDANO has walked a lonely road, and the road narrows, and now there is not room left for him and many others to march on abreast (I do not count the putative majority who will vote for Mr. Nixon. They are not company on such journeys). Mr. Toledano is a poet, and poets are the world's most incorrigible exclusionists: *their* vision is unique, or if not exactly that, shared only by the blessed few who know enough to become apostles. Mr. Toledano is probably not as much aware as many of his admirers are that he is a poet, and he is not aware that in pursuit of his vision he is every day tightening the rules of admission to his celestial observatory; but that is what he is, and that is what he is doing.

His *Lament for a Generation* is an exquisite and gripping rendition of the intellectual and moral tribulations of a sensitive man who was deposited early in his youth at a vast political world's fair, with a ticket to every one of the exhibits in his palpitating hand. He has covered much territory, and he is increasingly selective, increasingly wise, increasingly demanding. He has arrived at one exhibit, and as far as he is concerned that is where the road ends, in contemporary political terms. He has become a barker for Richard Nixon (who wrote the introduction to this book). If he is let down once again, I suspect he will leave the fair forever, and continue with his poetry by the proper name. We should miss him; and we would be always in debt to him, even if all he had done for us had been to produce this volume of learning and delight.

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Spring Fiction

Two Up for America

JOAN DIDION

HENRY JAMES once observed that "the only obligation to which in advance we may hold a novel, without incurring the accusation of being arbitrary, is that it be interesting." Among other mixed pleasures, the past month has brought a clutch of novels by writers who have been thought, by different people and for different reasons, interesting: Françoise Sagan from France, Colin Wilson and John Braine from England, Terry Southern and Flannery O'Connor from America. Of the five, two (as it turns out, the Americans) have written very interesting novels indeed.

Miss Sagan has not. For her fourth novel, *Aimez-vous Brahms* (Dutton, $2.95), she has called out the regulars: the Older (than Miss Sagan) Woman, the Older (than that) Man, and the Younger (than anybody) Man. The woman and her younger lover brood upon their affair (so "Parisian, so common"), while the older man dallies, understandably, with less pensive women and foregoes brooding to run his trucking business, an aberration regarded by Miss Sagan and her heroine as evidence of distinct mental cruelty, if not clear perversion. This interesting plot-line is developed in its totality in 127 pages, each containing such observations as "ash trays break only in novels and films," or "she leaned against him, slid her hand under his shirt, felt the warmth of his skin against her palm. He was alive." (Neither he, she, nor Miss Sagan ever present any convincing excuse for his being so.)

Ritual in the Dark (Houghton, $4.95), which bears the cover-legend "not since Dickens—," is the first novel by the original Angry Young Man, Colin (*The Outsider*) Wilson. Mr. Wilson's cortex seems to have been permanently damaged, probably in the reading room of the British Museum, by a falling volume of Nietzsche, and *Ritual in the Dark* is the product of his compulsion to send down the definitive word on all that. (As one of his characters says, "We're the writers. Our job is to increase the dignity of human beings.") On page 436 of *Ritual in the Dark,* young Gerard Sorme and his mistress, an older woman who happens to be a Jehovah's Witness, discuss Mr. Austin Nunne, a misunderstood homosexual acquaintance who, to their knowledge, has committed seven particularly ghoulish ripper murders. (That's in the year just past.) Until page 436, Sorme has been in quivering rapport with Mr. Nunne's cut-ups ("You see, I'm certain of one thing: Austin did whatever he did out of a need for freedom. Don't you see? Why should I help society? I sympathize too much"), but an agonizing reappraisal now leads him to the conclusion: "There was something I hadn't realized about Austin. He's insane."

I can offer no hints as to why it takes 436 pages to reach that line—although one reason, more or less functional, is Mr. Wilson's predilection for absolute, almost somnambulistic, documentation. ("The telephone began to ring. She went out to answer it, and called a moment later: 'It's for you.' He said: 'Good. That'll be Austin.' 'No, it's Oliver!' 'Oliver!' He went to the phone and said: 'Hello, Oliver.'") The grand-scale illiteracy of *Ritual in the Dark* cannot be conveyed without reproduction *in toto.*

ALTHOUGH John Braine, whose *From the Hand of the Hunter* (Houghton, $3.75) is considerably sharper and less pretentious than *Ritual in the Dark,* is more a Yorkshire schoolmarm than the angry-young-man he was said to be, he shares with Mr. Wilson an inability to recognize mediocrity, a certain tender-minded shallowness of perception that renders his rather good eye for social detail useless. Like *Room at the Top,* Mr. Braine's second novel has to do with the conditions of success and failure, winning and losing. In *From the Hand of the Hunter* Dick Corvey, a provincial failure with tuberculosis, discards self-pity for a variant of Couéism and gets better and better. Although the theme is potentially interesting, the book fails because of the devastating mediocrity of everything and everyone involved; not even Jimmy Porter could shout for long at Dick Corvey.

The failure common to *Aimez-vous Brahms, Ritual in the Dark* and *From the Hand of the Hunter* is not simply that they are stupidly written books, not simply that they have not been *written* at all in any constructive sense, but rather that none is an original book. Two of the new books, on the other hand, seem to me not only intelligent, not only to have been written by writers of style, but also to count among the few pieces of original fiction published recently: Terry Southern's *The Magic Christian* (Random House, $3) and Flannery O'Connor's *The Violent Bear It Away* (Farrar, $3.75).

A Texan, whose first novel, *Flash and Filigree,* was published in 1958, Mr. Southern has in *The Magic Christian* developed one of the wildest picaresque heroes ever, as he would express it, *"on the go"*: Grand Guy Grand, who appears to his associates as "a club member, a dinner guest, a possibility" and privately devotes ten million dollars a year to "making it hot *for them.*" Making it hot involves such diverse projects as buying an advertising agency in order to install a pygmy as president, entering "the 'big-car' field" ("'THERE'S POWER TO SPARE UNDER THIS BIG BABY'S FORTY-FOOT HOOD' was a sales claim that gained attention"), and buying a theater in order to insert a three-second close-up of a knife into one of Walter Pidgeon's scenes in *Mrs. Miniver.* ("This simple insert . . . seemed to portend dire evil, and occurring as it did early in the story, simply 'spoiled' the film. Grand would hang around the lobby after the show to overhear the remarks of those leaving, and often he would join in himself: 'What was that part about the knife?' he would demand querulously, stalking up and down the lobby, striking his fist into his open hand, 'he *had* that knife . . . I thought he was going to try and *kill* her! Christ, I don't *get it!*'") Although in occasional need of editing, *The Magic Christian* establishes Mr. Southern as a writer of considerable comic gifts.

Miss O'Connor, whose merciless style and orthodox vision were established by *Wise Blood* and the collec-

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tion of short stories called *A Good Man Is Hard to Find,* again focuses upon the problem of redemption in *The Violent Bear It Away,* an allegorical novel in which a 14-year-old Tennessee orphan named Tarwater wars with his compulsion to become a prophet: "the Lord out of dust had created him, had made him blood and nerve and mind, had made him to bleed and weep and think, and set him in a world of loss and fire all to baptize one idiot child that He need not have created in the first place and to cry out a gospel just as foolish. He tried to shout 'NO!' but it was like trying to shout in his sleep." A difficult, perilously stylized book, *The Violent* is at every point controlled by Miss O'Connor's hard intelligence, by her coherent metaphysical view of experience, and by the fact that she is above all a *writer,* which is something different from a *person who writes a book*—and somebody ought to explain the difference to Miss Sagan, to Mr. Wilson, and to Mr. Braine.

Point of Balance

GARRY WILLS

THERE IS a destiny which seems to overtake men who write seriously about humor. Aristotle by some mercy escaped; his treatise on comedy disappeared. But Bergson attempted a philosophy of humor, and the result was more humorous than philosophical. It is therefore an invitation to misgivings, or to something more serious, for a man to tell us openly in a subtitle that his book is about "laughter and the absurd." Yet this is exactly what Michael Mason does in *The Centre of Hilarity* (Sheed and Ward, $4.50).

Yet immediately Mr. Cason restores confidence. The book is about humor as "play"—a concept which not only deepens the issues but, with a wrench, integrates humor into a larger scene and balance. For "play" includes the body's fidgetings, the mind's anomalies, and the entire dialectic of reality, as well as the comedian's epigram. Bergson began with the physical and literal act of laughter—thus demonstrating the bankruptcy of an "empirical" approach which ignores instinct in the name of science. Everyone knows that humor goes deeper into man than the perfunctory reaction of the body. One can read a whole Dickens novel without a sound, yet swim in a weightless world. Not laughter but levity is the test: that buoyancy which made Ruskin dance when he studied Tintoretto's brushwork, that rising of the energies which saner if less brilliant Frenchmen than Bergson call *joie de vivre.*

Play is levity: yet our grim world of moralists and intellectuals is convinced that gravity is the only proper response to "the serious problems of life." With sure instinct Mr. Mason finds the origin of this tendency in the Renaissance. It may seem a contradiction to call Renaissance man the father of all Puritans; but another look at Michelangelo's masklike visages, at Machiavelli's ignorance of his own absurdity, shows in an instant what Mr. Mason thoroughly demonstrates. There is a dark prophecy in Hamlet's scorn for alcohol.

The humanist hero of Michelangelo and Beethoven, the Hamlet, the Napoleon, has shrunk and dwindled. Our literary leaders all wear the same mask: Dostoievski, Mann, O'Neill, Oppenheimer—up and down the scale, the same visage, seared, suffering, intense, and oh! so serious. The modern clown is always the sad clown, whether portrayed by Roualt, Picasso, Leoncavallo, or Emmet Kelly.

It was not always so. Thomas Aquinas, a fat man but not a comedian, said that man's playfulness is most like God's activity; because it is a spontaneous ebullition of one's energies, the least selfishly-motivated joy in one's existence. I mention this comment on play; Mr. Mason mentions others from the same world, all demonstrating that the idea of play is near the root of Christian thinking, and corresponds to the inmost structure of man's mind. As a modern author puts it, "alone among animals he is shaken with the beautiful madness called laughter."

The Christian sees the world as a place of trial, not as an end in itself. Everything has a double meaning for him; the interplay of time and eternity sets up a continuing series of ironies. The proper response to the serpent's pretensions in Eden should have been laughter. Wise men laugh at themselves, as holy men laugh at the devil; for laughter is an exorcism. But it is also a forgiveness, and a spur.

Play is balance, the self-corrective which a self-conscious age seems unable to achieve. The self-sufficiency of intellect led, through Descartes and Kant, to the intellectual paralysis of "the critical problem." The frowning heroism of *The Prince* led to the humorlessness of modern thought, where "the absurd" itself becomes a serious attitude toward life. Bergson was a perfect type of the humanist hero rushing to his destiny with a painfully-summoned *élan.* A great man, a great thinker—but when this man turned to consider humor, irony, and incongruity, he could only call it a snag in the flow of creative evolution: man, rushing to his destiny, trips and almost stumbles; we chide him on with our laughter, that the hero may rise to new magnanimity. The Christian, on the other hand, laughs at himself and others that he may fall into the joy of a new humility.

MR. MASON'S BOOK, broad as its scope is, does not sprawl. The analysis centers on several phenomena—on Shakespeare's venture into the new world of tragic humanism, and the restored balance of his last plays; on Descartes and the unsmiling egocentricity of modern thought; on Sartre and his absurd attitude toward the absurd. But these critical moments are points which plot a large curve, and do it with honesty and balance.

The argument reaches its conclusion in a comparison of T. S. Eliot and Gilbert Chesterton. Eliot tried to break out of the intellectual's egocentripetal world, but could not make it; he is seriously worshiped by the serious. Chesterton, on the other hand, saw the energies of dialectic at work in the world, but could find no modern artistic tradition to which he could relate this dialectic which he called paradox. He was forced—significantly—to use mediaeval symbols and traditions. With great sympathy for both sides of this division in mod-

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ern man, Mr. Mason tries to indicate the way to some point of reconciliation, where Hamlet and Lear's Fool will again merge into Prospero. He awakens the instincts of sanity which can be felt even in the farthest reaches of a centripetal intellectualism. As Chesterton put it, symbolically: not everyone dies in the final scene of *Hamlet;* the gravedigger is still alive —for the gravedigger is the clown, and not a sad one.

The Passing Scene

The Death Watch

FRANCIS RUSSELL

I HAD SAT in for only an afternoon of William Van Rie's trial for the murder of Lynn Kaufman before I went to the courthouse on Beacon Hill to wait for the jury's verdict. Until I saw the Dutch radio operator on the stand I had assumed offhand that he was guilty. When his affair with such an attractively available young woman on the voyage back from Singapore was coming to an end, she might have become hysterical and he in a panic struck her and pushed her through the porthole. So I had thought. But after I watched him that afternoon I was sure he hadn't done any such thing. As he sat in the witness chair, pallid, engrossed in answering in a foreign tongue, his Adam's apple bobbling, he was in journalese "fighting for his life." He told how the police captain after a night of questioning had tricked him into admitting that he had been in the girl's cabin shortly before her disappearance when he hadn't been there at all. And somehow I believed him. On the other hand, there didn't seem any real reason why such a pleasant young woman should have killed herself.

As I walked up from Scollay Square the gaunt building loomed above Beacon Hill like a cubic shadow, its dark bulk scored by a band of light on the seventh floor. After I reached the wax-coated lobby I found myself the only person on the elevator, and I sensed again the almost tangible after-hour emptiness of a great building. It was a relief to find the press room so bustling, with churning typewriters, clicking teletypes, and newspapermen dashing in and out like reincarnations of Richard Harding Davis. Someone in the corner was clipping sentences into a microphone: "This is Art Gardner, speaking to you direct from the Suffolk County courthouse." The reporters looked busy with a portentous busyness when they were merely lighting cigarettes. Even the three layers of coats looked busy on the racks. A glimpse of four men in shirtsleeves in the alcove playing poker was the final touch. It was like the movies—*Front Page, District Attorney.* Oscar Wilde was right again—nature imitates art.

The deputy-sized deputy sheriff with the elegant velvet pocket flaps on his uniform said that the jury would be back from dinner shortly, and that it would probably bring in its verdict at about half past nine. But nine passed to ten, drifted on to eleven, and finally shaded into midnight. A hung jury, they were beginning to whisper.

Two correspondents from Amsterdam papers stayed on in the almost empty press row, sedate elderly men wearing the queen's orange-and-blue decoration ribbon in their buttonholes. They were more interested in music than crime and spent the hours discussing the relative merits of the Boston Symphony and European orchestras. Other reporters dozed in the press room or clustered in the lobby where a man of welcome enterprise was selling cups of coffee for a quarter that he had bought in the cafeteria across the street for 15 cents.

IN THE frayed morning hours a rumor suddenly went the rounds that the jury had split, five for second-degree murder, five for manslaughter, and two other "just talking." Three o'clock was the dead hour, as if time had been suspended and would never move past the steam-sour courtroom and the lobby littered with cardboard coffee cups. There is a tense loneliness in waiting for a murder verdict, a feeling of doom, of being isolated in an impersonal world. Even the Dutchmen seemed to feel it. At the time-ebb of 3:00 A.M. the barriers began to break.

"Of course Van Rie's innocent," a younger Dutch reporter told me in a scornful angry voice. "Lynn Kaufman committed suicide because she'd nothing to live for. I went to St. Louis, I talked with her ex-husband, I've seen her hospital record. I know all about her. That couple she traveled with—bizarre, a fantastic relationship. After she had this affair with Van Rie, those two broke off with her. And her family had turned her out long ago. At the end of the voyage she was finished; no job, no friends, nowhere to turn, full of guilt, hopeless. So she just climbed through the porthole.

"The judge wanted a nice clean trial. He kept all the dirty evidence out that might have shown why she committed suicide. But you can't keep the record clean, not when it's a man's life. If they find him guilty I'm going to blow this thing sky-high."

At five the stars began to dim and striations of light filtered over the grimed city, the sky reddening above the airport, the harbor islands, the grey obelisk of the Custom House with its still-flashing beacon. Far to the left I could make out the Bunker Hill Monument shaft and the Chelsea Bridge and the muted rim of hills beyond the city.

Vitality returned with the light. The newscasters were beginning their paragraphs for the first broadcast. The local tabloid reporter, a plump fluffy female like a jellyfish endowed with sex, sat down near me to write her seven-o'clock sob story. Shortly after seven the jury went out for breakfast.

Ham and eggs at the Bellevue must have mellowed them, for they brought in their verdict soon after coming back. They filed into the courtroom, stern, unshaven, bleary-eyed. Then followed the final artificial suspense of the legal process, with a hollow-faced Van Rie in the prisoner's box, his plump Dutch wife trying to smile encouragement to him from the side, while the judge proceeded to thank the sheriff, the court attendants, the lawyers on both sides, the jury—everyone, in fact, except the defendant. At last the clerk called each juror in turn and then asked redundantly if they had reached a verdict. As the foreman

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replied and added that the defendant was not guilty, Van Rie bent over slightly and covered his face with his hands, then proceeded to babble his thanks until the deputies shushed him. And his wife with the solid name of Petronella for the first time lost her composure and began to cry.

Theater

Those Love Letters!

ERNESTINE STODELLE

SINCE *The Boys from Syracuse,* a 1939 musical based on Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors,* it has become increasingly fashionable to set classical drama or comedy to music. The list is long and includes such smash hits as *Carousel* (Molnar's *Liliom*), *West Side Story* (*Romeo and Juliet*) and *My Fair Lady,* which everyone knows is Bernard Shaw's *Pygmalion.* Now the theater has turned to the personal past of famous authors and actresses themselves. Instead of new plays, excerpts from plays are inserted into revelations of intimate correspondence.

The irresistible story of Shaw's pursuit of Beatrice Stella Campbell (the Italian-English beauty whose playing of Mélisande, Hedda Gabler and Shaw's own first Liza made her as famous in her day as Ellen Terry, Sarah Bernhardt and Eleanora Duse) is enacted by Brian Aherne and Katharine Cornell in *Dear Liar.* Jerome Kilty's adaptation of the posthumously published correspondence of Bernard Shaw and "Mrs. Pat" is a wistfully humorous *pas de deux* that, in spite of its comic overtones, reveals the hidden drama of unfulfilled love between a man of genius and a woman whose temperament could have engulfed him as a storm a leaf if he had been less of a genius and more of a man. In his own subtle way, Shaw was not altogether unaware of this, as witness his "Shakespeare Sonnet" to Mrs. Pat which concluded with:

> O dearest Danger, I must love thee less
> Or plunge into a devil of a mess!

To which she replied, "It is getting difficult not to love you more than I ought . . ." And gathering up her skirts, she withdrew . . . momentarily.

Alas! no storm takes place upon the stage, nor any dramatic enactment of flight and pursuit; only the letters thereof. A beardless Mr. Aherne goes through the pantomime of writing some of the letters at a high desk, stage right, and practically posts them to the lovely Miss Cornell who reclines on a settee, stage center. After reading them with a sort of maternal amusement, Mrs. Pat consigns them to a hat box which (or who?) is the third character in the play, being the receptacle that contained the correspondence during the actress' later life.

The audience is taken on a guided tour through the drawing rooms, studies, and backstage dressing rooms of the characters. One would be tempted to add bedrooms, but on the evidence of this love-*letter*-affair, it is doubtful that GBS ever admitted ladies into his boudoir, with the possible exception of his wife Charlotte. The guided tour includes the best scene from *Pygmalion* and an equally effective bit from *The Apple Cart,* performed by first-rate actors. But who is that muttering through his beard about "reading books out loud to the lazy public" and chuckling wryly: "Where are all those playwrights who 'followed' me?" ?

BOOKS IN BRIEF

"IF ELECTED, I PROMISE . . .," by John F. Parker (Doubleday, $3.95). "When I was a boy," said Clarence Darrow, "I was told anybody could become President: I'm beginning to believe it." Which is a sample of 1001 jokes, toasts, stories and gems of wisdom by and about politicians to be found in this book by Massachusetts State Senator John F. Parker, an unstuffed political shirt if there ever was one. Many of these nonpartisan *bon mots* will be recognized as of ancient vintage, but still it's handy to have them collated in one spot. For example: A committee is a group of persons who, singly, think they can do nothing, but collectively agree that nothing can be done. A committee is a body that keeps minutes and wastes hours. A committee of five consists of one man who works, three others who pat him on the back, and one who brings in a minority report.

W. H. PETERSON

NO ROOM IN THE ARK, by Alan Moorehead (Harper, $5.00). It scarcely needs a Liberal pundit to remind us that Africa is in a state of transition. One of the consequences of this political-economic-industrial sea-change is the suburbanization of the continent, the process of turning vast stretches of it into a kind of African Levittown. Before all this happens, before the bulldozer and the sepia O'Dwyers and the tribal Lucianos have civilized the landscape, it is time for a last nostalgic look. That is what Mr. Moorehead offers us, the sum of four African journeys he has made in the last few years. He marks the half-way point between Livingstone and the developer. So much of the strange and haunting landscape with its extraordinary wildlife will no longer exist for anyone to see after a few more marches of progress, that a nostalgic quality pervades this evocative book. The pictures are superb.

F. RUSSELL

IS THERE AN AMERICAN IN THE HOUSE? by David Cort (Macmillan, $3.95). In this lively collection of essays, Cort examines such diverse phenomena as odorless garbage compost and the ubiquitous Bob Moses, the price of steak in South Carolina and the truth about the truth about Pearl Harbor. A one-time writer for *Time* and *Life* (with prior dalliances at *Vogue* and *Vanity Fair*), he now writes for the Liberal little magazines, and is predictably good at potting the stock clay pigeons: the mass media, the designers of Detroit's gaudy death engines, and the baggy-eyed sorcerers of Mad Avenue. His title piece deals with (who else?) Joe McCarthy, and he manages to be cruelly ignorant of what Whittaker Chambers actually said. But, withal, Cort's far-ranging curiosity more than compensates for his small-bore prejudices. In such essays as "Prometheus on the Fire Escape" and "Death of Tragedy," a first-rate mind flashes new light on life and the arts.

R. WHALEN

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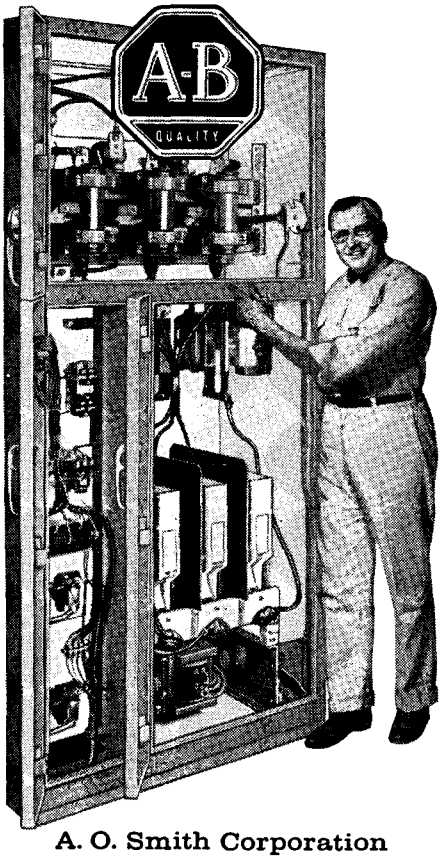

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To the Editor

Our Priceless President

As illustrating James Burnham's admirable book, *Congress and the American Tradition,* may I call your attention to this report of Eisenhower's remarks at a dinner for Representative Charles Halleck of Indiana (*New York Times,* March 11):

"Charlie once pleased me mightily. He said: 'This is going to cost me a lot of votes but I'll do it for you.' That kind of loyalty to the leader of the party and the President is priceless."

Eisenhower of course doesn't know anything about the principles upon which our government was founded, but that makes his casual remark all the more significant of the general drift of things. Loyalty to the voters, loyalty to one's principles, loyalty to one's duty as a legislator and thus to the welfare of the country as one conceives it, are of secondary value in a member of Congress. The "priceless" thing is loyalty to the President.

We seem to be walking in our sleep toward the very thing our founding fathers tried so hard to make impossible.

New York City MAX EASTMAN

How Much Collective Bargaining?

. . . The fallability of your suggestion [February 13] that nation-wide [collective] bargaining be prohibited would lead to the very situation that we, as employers, have been fighting for a long time. That is—to stop any union from picking us off as individual firms, one at a time. One firm cannot afford to be struck for a considerable length of time while his competitors are allowed to continue in business as usual. So, when the first firm can no longer stand the pressure and gives in so that he may get his share of business, the union moves in to the second one and so on. . . . In our area that has been worked in the past so we try to get as many general contractors as possible in our line of work to join a local association to act as a united bargaining group rather than to be dealt with as individual firms. . . .

The only solution is to curb the power of the union leaders who have been shown by the McClellan Committee to be unfair, dictatorial, unscrupulous and in cahoots with criminal elements. Who can do this since the unions are so powerful that they can control elections? . . .

New Bedford, Mass. THEODORE F. APPLEBY

Should Students Be Loyal?

In your February 27 issue you listed eighteen senators who were uncommitted in their view concerning the removal of the loyalty oath from the National Defense Education Act. Since my name was listed, I would like to set the record straight.

Last year I voted to recommit to the committee S. 819, which would have repealed both the loyalty oath and the disclaimer affidavit, which is the same thing as a vote against the bill. This year's bill, S. 2929, is limited only to the disclaimer affidavit and retains the loyalty oath, but I likewise oppose this modified version. I think both the oath and the affidavit should be retained in the law.

Washington, D.C. WALLACE F. BENNETT

Phenomenology Reconsidered (a Continuation)

. . . I have read Fr. Teilhard de Chardin's *Phenomenon of Man* several times and find myself in substantial agreement with the criticisms of Garry Wills and Mrs. Maurice Robinson [Letters, March 26]. I was especially gratified to read Mrs. Robinson's very clear and succinct statement of Fr. Teilhard's principal error, *viz.,* that Fr. Teilhard attempts to treat the non-phenomenological aspects of man as though they were sense-data, without the slightest reference to theology. The failure properly to delineate the boundaries of empirical science and properly to relate this to philosophy and theology does indeed become the source of a "raging torrent of confusion" in this work. Fr. Teilhard's verbal reservations not withstanding, I find it impossible to distinguish from pantheism the concept of God postulated by his phenomenology. His exposition of Christ, of the supernatural, of the Church, of religion, of the human soul and of thought comes perilously close

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to the subjective and relativistic position of the modernists. As far as Catholic doctrine is concerned, this position is heterodox and quite unacceptable. And the universal evolutionary process in a number of passages is undistinguishable from the progress espoused by totalitarianism. . . .

For the record Fr. Teilhard does not refer on page 169 to the soul as a supernatural entity, as William Rusher ["The Reviewer Replies," March 26] seems to imply. In the language of Catholic theology the soul of itself is natural and not to be identified with the concept of the supernatural. A soul may be supernaturalized by grace, but it is not supernatural merely because soul. Fr. Teilhard has bungled enough Catholic theology without additional confusing interpretations on the part of his admirers. . . .

It is not true that to date, as Mr. Rusher says, there have been no official pronouncements of the Church on Fr. Teilhard. In a letter to all local ordinaries (diocesan bishops) of November 30, 1957, the Sacred Congregation of Seminaries and Universities ordered the works of Fr. Teilhard removed from the open shelves of seminary libraries. The judgments of Catholic ecclesiastical authority in intellectual matters may not intimidate non-Catholics, but at least it should be apparent from this that Fr. Teilhard's published views have not been favorably received by high Church authority. In my opinion the fundamental tendencies of Fr. Teilhard, criticized by theologians, are the same as many of those already judged erroneous by the Church in the condemnation of modernism and more recently in the encyclical *Humani Generis*. It is noteworthy that neither the superiors of the Society of Jesus, nor ecclesiastical censors have ever given permission for the publication of *The Phenomenon of Man*. . . .

FR. PETER FEHLNER, OFMCONV.
Rensselaer, N.Y.

And the Reviewer Re-replies

As a non-Catholic reviewer in a secular journal, it would have been presumptuous of me, as well as irrelevant, to assert that Father Teilhard's admittedly controversial book is consonant with the principles of that

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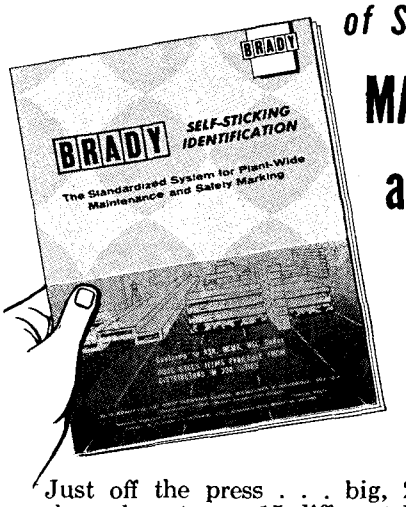

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faith. I did, however, take the precaution of ascertaining that *The Phenomenon of Man* is by no means proscribed reading for Catholics—that, on the contrary, it has been praised by many Catholic clerics, including the eminent Fordham anthropologist, Father Ewing. Thus armed, I felt well justified in commending the book to "any mature Christian."

Father Fehlner is quite simply mistaken when he describes me as saying there have been no official pronouncements of the Church on Father Teilhard; I was well aware of the Sacred Congregation's cautious letter. What I said was that *heresy* (Mrs. Robinson's harsh word) is "a judgment her own vigilant Church has signally omitted to pronounce in the case of Father Teilhard." That is clear enough, it seems to me; and it has the additional merit of being accurate.

New York City WILLIAM A. RUSHER

Truth as Dandruff

I have read "The Case of Paul H. Hughes" [February 13] and indeed it is an appalling record. As I finished it there flashed *Vincit omnia Veritas* . . . We are concerned with those evil, ideological liars who treat facts as vain things and brush off Truth as dandruff . . . Since March 4, 1933 lying and stealing have become socially acceptable in Washington. Just imagine what would happen if every liar was to turn around and tell the truth for a few hours. There sure would be plenty of people hard to find at the close of these mutual confidences. But as I get cogitative about it I conclude the risk is too great. Any attempt to put down the liars, even on a temporary basis might result in unprecedented disaster. With the great Prevarication Handicap of 1960 at the starting gate, we must put *Vincit omnia Veritas* on ice until 1961.

Hollywood, Fla. CHAS. B. McDONALD

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ROBERT MORRIS

(Continued from p. 231)

him would go one of the last effective instruments for the investigation of domestic Communism. Hours blurred into days; the telephone rang insanely, like a short-circuited burglar alarm; friends passed and repassed with rumors, counsel, encouragement. Senator X would make a speech on the floor, stating the facts; columnist Y was writing an article on the Subcommittee's behalf; do this, do that, do nothing. And at the center of it all —the eye of the hurricane—a quiet, stubborn man who wouldn't lie, and would't quit, and couldn't be bought.

A day came when the dark, liverish clouds rolled away, and David Lawrence began his famous column on the Norman case with the words, "I think somebody owes the Internal Security Subcommittee an apology." Indeed someone did, and it was not long before the Subcommittee's work over the years was singled out for special commendation by the House of Delegates of the American Bar Association. Bob Morris moved on—to his New Jersey home, and to the perhaps even more momentous battles of today and tomorrow. But he left on Washington—as on every other environment he has touched—the unmistakable stamp of a simple, uncomplicated devotion to truth, and to his duty as he sees it.

I have no idea whether such a man will appeal to New Jersey voters in this year 1960. But if they vote for Bob Morris, that is the kind of man they will be getting: strong, not because of his friends (who are legion), but in virtue of himself.

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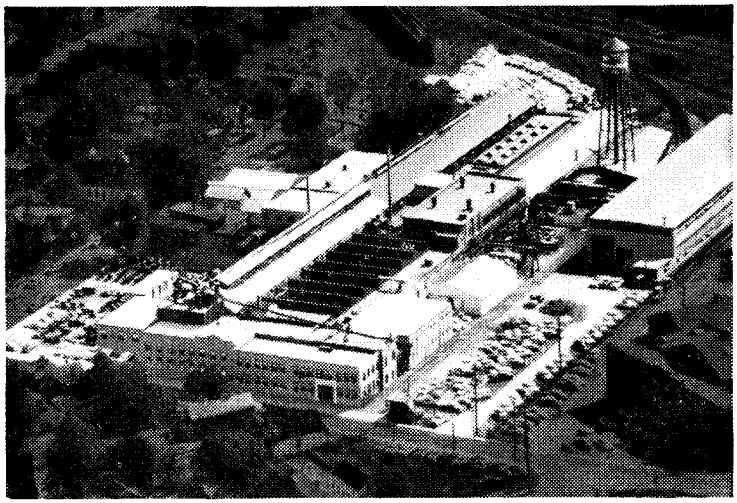

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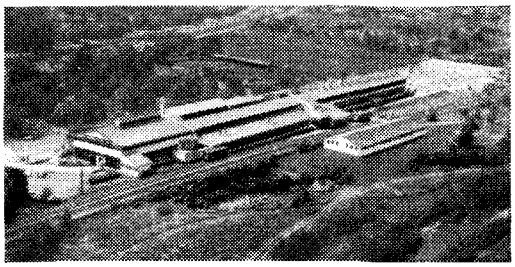

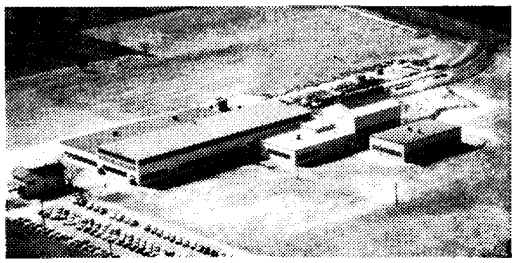

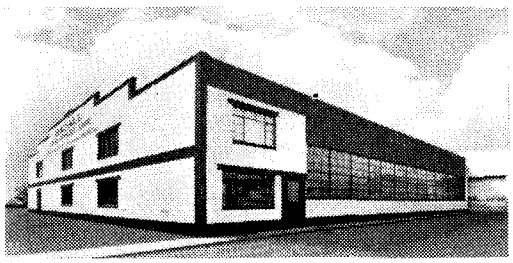

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